

POEMS

BY

JAMES WINTHROP

EDITED BY

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## INTRODUCTION

The following pages contain a  
collection of poems by

JAMES WINTHROPE

who was born in Hawick,  
Scotland in 1832.

In 1891, he moved to Canada  
where he made his home in  
Copely, Manitoba and lived  
there until his death in  
1900, at the age of 68.

## A BANISHED RACE

"Thy will be done!" the maiden prayed,  
 On bended knee, with bowed head.  
 "Amen! Amen!" the priests reply  
 Through the cloud of incense wafted bye.  
 Winged organ-tones, down the chancel dim  
 Bore the sobbing wail of the requiem hymn.

In a bloody rush of the battle tide  
 On Naseby field, had her father died.  
 When he fought for his master - a despot's sake,  
 And yielded his life in a grand mistake.  
 For Cromwell's horsemen, in shivering the crown,  
 Rode Army, Oppression and Privilege down,

They brought him back to his father's home  
 To wall him in his ancestral tomb.  
 'Mong the old Crusaders and matrons fair,  
 Whose sculptured tombs lined the chancel there.  
 He was only another one, lowly laid  
 For his long, last sleep on his marble bed.

There were flecks of blood on his hair of snow,  
 His cheek was gashed by a halbred blow,  
 And a great sword-thrust, both deep and wide,  
 Gaped like a mouth in his naked side.  
 Though the battle-gleam of his eye was dim,  
 Yet a smile still clung to his visage grim.

The crowd of retainers, who round her knelt,  
 All shared in the grief which the lady felt.  
 Some yet were hot from their deadly ride  
 O'er the furse and the flowers upon Naseby side.  
 And still were in jack-place and basnet clad,  
 While their household banner hung limp overhead,  
 Damp with the Blood of their leader slain,  
 And torn and soiled with the battle-stain.

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The lady grew white as the lillies which rest,  
O'er the crystal depths of the lake's pure breast.  
And her true heart broke with a shuddering moan,  
As she sunk by the carven altar-stone,  
In grief's fierce abandon, with torrent-like flow,  
Burst forth in loud wails, lamentation and woe.  
As her soul, like a bird in captivity, soared  
Up to the light and joy of the Lord.

Their forefathers came when the Conqueror came  
And founded their line upon rapine and shame.  
They climbed on the ruins of homes o'er thrown.  
Clutched the wealth of the weaklings and called it  
their own.

And proud at their wassail boards lustily swore,  
By the power of their pagan gods, Odin and Thor,  
That builded by violence and buttressed by crime  
Their name should outlast all the scourgings of Time.

As the daylight dies out in the far-distant west,  
As the great ocean billows sink down unto rest,  
Man goes into the Mystery even Love cannot rend,  
Uncheered by the smile or the clasp of a friend,  
Leaving all of his buildings, or gatherings of earth.  
Bearing but for God's weighing, his meanness or worth.  
Like a wind-whirled leaf on a dark Autumn day,  
The name and the fame of that race passed away.

## AILEEN ( AN IRISH SONG.)

"Aileen, sweet Aileen, your are sighing,  
Your round cheek grows thinner and white.  
Your bright eyes are red with your crying.  
Avoureen! come tell me tonight,  
Why we hear you no longer a-sighing  
Those clear notes which rung full and high,  
A-rivalling the lark when he's winging  
His flight through the breast ov' the sky."

"Aileen, sweet Aileen, now no blushing,  
Is it love that's got into your head?  
Alanna! 'tis love that is flushing  
Your face to that deep rosy red.  
But, och, my Aileen, my own darlin' !  
Don't take that to your young heart so sore.  
Hope's sunshine is bright, dear Avoureen,  
Love's chains were aye golden before."

"Tis love, dearest mother is wringing,  
My soul with his doubts and his fears,  
'Tis love, dearest mother, is singing  
His hope-ditty into my ears.  
Young Dennis Malone has oft met me  
At the patten, the fair and the wake,  
When he threeps he will never forget me.  
Oh, I'd cross all the world for his sake."

"Aileen, sweet Aileen, hush your crying,  
Last night brought young Dennis Malone,  
He swears for your Love he's just dying,  
That he must have you for his own,  
So we gave our consent and our blessin'  
Sure no heart could his ardor withstand.  
But the world will flow on my darlin'  
For Dennis has cows and cornland."

"He has praties, three pigs and a cabin,  
All built wid a purty stone wall.  
A donkey, a car and a turfstack.  
And sure you'll be lady of all!"  
"Round your souls may God's blessing keep twining  
Wid the love of your mother, Asthore!  
May the white light of Heaven be shining,  
On your home and your hearts evermore!

ANNIVERSARY POEM  
The Birth of Burns

Amidst a whirling blast of snow,  
In an Ayrshire shire cottage long ago,  
A feeble, wailing babe was born,  
And ere the bleak, dim, wintry morn.  
Had lighted up the sheeted earth,  
A gathering strange was at his birth.  
The spirit-world sent in from space,  
Some dwellers from each distant sphere,  
And every country, tribe and race,  
Were fully represented here,  
In all their wierd and horrid guise,  
Grim gruesome-looking Shapes and Things,  
With wondering looks and glaring eyes,  
With hideous forms and mighty wings.  
To human eyes invisable,  
To human touch impalpable,  
To every human sense unknown.  
They came and filled the little room,  
A multitude from every zone,  
Of light or of eternal gloom,  
Grim Goblins from the moor and glen.  
Far, far removed from mortal ken.  
Were there with glaring eyes to see.  
That mite of weak mortality.  
The pale Ghost from the churchyard wall,  
The Banshee from the baron's hall,  
The Kelpie from the moorland lake,  
The Brownie from the fen and brake.  
The Niads from their silver springs,  
The Fairies from their grassy rings.  
All came by hill or greenwood tree,  
And filled the air with shouts of glee.  
While in upon the whirling blast,  
The wrinkled Witches gathered fast.  
By intuition taught, they came  
On wings of wind, through paths of flame.  
With spirit-wreath and fairy ring,  
To crown the new-born Poet-King.

Wondering, they saw the father kneel,  
 Raise up his hands to Heaven and pray.  
 That God would bless his new-born son,  
 And lead him in the narrow way.  
 The dark souled spirits round him fumed.  
 Their spectre-brows in scowls were gloomed.  
 With hate and all its passions wild.  
 They turned them threatening on the child.  
 But the good angels smiled with joy.  
 And blessed and kissed the bonny boy.  
 (For unto him a guard was given  
 Of angels from the bowers of heaven.)  
 They circled round the little child,  
 In shining garments undefiled.  
 Defenders round that cradle bed,  
 Sweet smiling guardians overhead.  
 To shield the babe from harm and fears.  
 And every base and vagrant ghost,  
 Who crowded in with jeer or boast,  
 Was driven back among his peers.

They called an old and withered dame,  
 With snowy hair and eyes aflame.  
 A wrinkled hag with looks elate,  
 To tell the infant's future fate.  
 She took the wee, soft dimpled hand,  
 While all around the spectre-band,  
 Expectant watched to hear and see  
 The baby's coming destiny.

She took the hand and traced the lines  
 Where all the broken, mystic signs,  
 Foretold of loves, or hates, or woes,  
 Of sorrows in the coming years.  
 Of joys and tears, of mighty throes,  
 Repentances and agonies.  
 And ever as the lines she drew.  
 "He is one of Manhood's men," said she.  
 "A striker for the Right and True,  
 And one of God's Nobility."  
 They hailed him as the King of Song  
 With many a wierd and mystic sign.  
 And round his head the spirit crowned  
 Was woven by the Muses nine.

"Exponent of man's love for man."  
 She named him next both fair and good.  
 "The Apostle of the Almighty's plan  
 Of universal brotherhood."

Then far and near the Anthems rang,  
 From every Wandering Spirit there,  
 And through the murky darkness sprang  
 The invocation and the prayer.  
 That God would guide that newly born,  
 In safety through this vale of tears.  
 And give him power to lash with scorn,  
 The vices and the wrongs of years.

But now the red day beamed afar,  
 And lighted on the lowly shed,  
 The cock crowed at light's first faint bar.  
 Then all the wandering spirits fled.

You ask what did his life unfold,  
 Since that strange birth-hour in the shed.  
 Until the time the churchyard's mould,  
 Fell dull and heavy o'er his head.  
 Damp with the orphan's tears. Ah, well!  
 A dead man's deeds his life will tell,  
 Somewhat of right, somewhat of wrong.  
 A constant struggling for the true,  
 A battling ever at all strong.  
 Tyrannic force which crushed and drew,  
 The weaklings of the world, within  
 The grasp of wrong, or shame, or sin,

The pathways of man's life are bound,  
 By God's great purposes 'round,  
 Which are lined man's works and ways.  
 All to rebound unto God's praise.  
 Go ask the brook which steals along,  
 The reason of its simple song.  
 And why its fairy melody,  
 Goes on and on eternally.

Go ask the flowers which shed perfume,  
 Along earth's pathways, why they bloom,  
 And why their tender buds unfold,  
 In cups of violet or of gold.

Go ask the shimmering stars which shed,  
 Their soft effulgence overhead,

The reason why they shine and why,

God placed them in the deep blue sky,  
 From far and fast the answers come,  
 From singing tongues and voices dumb.

The answer comes, "We each and all

Are blent to form one perfect whole.

The blooming flower, the waterfall.

The singing bird, the thunder-roll."

Our sweet Bard's ever varying mood,

His songs of love or hardihood,

Like riv'lets down the mountain side,

All dancing in the sunny light,

Unite and nevermore divide,

But roll on in their holy might,

So river-like his life-work rolled,

Through bitter lands, o'er sands of gold,

Through sunshine bright or deepest shade.

Beloved belauded or betrayed.

Yet ever rushing fast and strong,

The deepening current poured along.

And swept away upon its tide,

Rank heresy and bigot pride,

Submerged in might and overthrew,

Life's many golden calves which drew,

Man's worship, due to God alone.

To idols made of clay and stone.

He taught us independent tones,

To sympathise with misery's moans.

He taught us how to help and share,

The sorrows which our fellows bear.

In all the varying ills of life,  
But still to wage eternal strife.  
    With fraud chicanery and lies,  
    In all their vile deformities.  
And in his swelling tide of song,  
    He pointed to that blessed land.  
Where all mankind, a mighty throng,  
    Redeemed before our Lord shall stand.  
Radiant in light and love, and free,  
    From sin's degrading mastery.

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## APRIL FOOLS

We are all like the fools of an April day.  
Journeying hither and thither,  
Running fools errands and earning fools pay,  
While conscience and reason say "Tell us we pray,  
Why thus you are hurrying and whither?

One answers, "I go with a key of red gold,  
To strike poverty's fetters from pleasure,  
To bid Happiness forth her bright wings to unfold -  
To clasp to my bosom that nymph, once so cold.  
And to keep to myself the sweet treasure.

Another, says, Happiness? It is but fame,  
And in battle my keen sword shall win her,  
I will pluck from Death's hand her green wreath for  
my name,  
I will follow her onward through storm and  
through flame,  
No peril shall daunt me-through honor or shame,  
O'er the bodies of saint and of sinner."

What? What? Says another, "Is not Happiness, Power?  
To see man before you all kneeling,  
To tread on their necks even one short sweet hour,  
To feel you could crush out their souls as they  
cower,  
Is this not the genuine feeling?"

Another says, "Oh, I am nearing the goal,  
In all the bright wealth which I gather!  
When a few thousand more in my coffers shall roll,  
I'll have found life's great prize and thencefor-  
ward my soul  
Shall have joys which time never can wither."

An angel looked down from the realms of Mid-Air,  
And his voice like a silver-trumpet's blair  
Rang through the dome of the skies.

11.

"Poor Fools! You are seeking for Happiness there,  
On the earth with its frauds and its lies,  
The moth and the rust soon make Wealth disappear,  
Power is quenched, like a light, when Man's laid  
on his bier,  
Fame lasts but a day then dies.

True Happiness dwells, but where God's love  
dwells,  
In the heart of a little child --  
In the holy depths and the secret cells,  
Of a soul that is undefiled.  
In the Lord's own Land -- in the light of His  
Face  
It has only a true abiding place.

## ASTRONOMY

"What are the bright stars telling,  
As they sweep through the azure skies,  
With their soft sweet light which is welling.  
Like love from a maiden's eyes?  
What are those dear stars saying --  
Are they whispering to us to-night,  
As alone through the green glade we're straying.  
Beneath their soft silvery light?"

"How brightly they twinkle and shimmer,  
How pure is their silvery sheen,  
Set in glory they glint and they glimmer,  
Like gems in the crown of a queen,  
How humble are earth's things! How lovely!  
Compared with those beacons afar.  
What of earth is so stainless and holy.  
As the light of a beautiful star?"

"Are they whispering of sadness and sorrow?  
Presaging as weakness or woe?  
Or, Oh, do they say our to-morrow  
With joy and with gladness will glow?  
What are the bright stars singing?  
Sweet Love, Oh, unfold unto me,  
As they go in their white robes winging.  
Their flight through eternity?"

"They are whispering, my own hearts darling,  
To the big tom cat on the range,  
They are watching the Negro go crawling.  
To the melon patch close to the grange.  
They are eying the thin policeman sparking,  
The fat girl in the area.  
And dear little sweetheart, I'll whisper,  
They are winking to you and to me."

"BEHOLD YOUR KING!"  
(Pontius Pilate.)

"Behold your King!" Not brave arrayed.  
No golden crown upon His head.  
Not by loyal crowds caressed,  
With pearls and rubies on His breast.  
Not with armies at His call,  
Ready at His feet to fall.  
Not in pride of place and power,  
Came the King at that dread hour.  
Not high upon a jewelled throne,  
But poor, despised and alone.  
Lowly, loving, meek He stood  
Before that crowd of surly mood.  
Whose imprecations deep could wring,  
From Pilate's tongue "Behold your King!"

"Behold your King!" With looks of hate  
They cursed Him and pronounced His fate.  
"Crucify Him" "Crucify!"  
"Release Barrabas!" "Let Him die."  
"I wash me," Pilate said "And lay  
His righteous blood on you to-day."  
But louder grew the rabble-cry  
"Crucify Him!" "Let Him die."  
"Away! and let the blood you shed  
Rest light on Chosen Israel's head!"  
With folded hands and upraised eyes,  
Earth's Maker, in His Human guise,  
Was led away with bitter jeers,  
And scowls of rage, and scornful sneers,  
From that base throng, sin's meanest brood  
That ever quenched their hate with blood.

The priests were there all fiery-eyed,  
Whose looks bespoke their stubborn pride.  
The Scribes with their hot burning zeal  
For law and legend, sign and seal.  
The Pharisees stood round, but drew  
Their robes from contact with that crew.  
They with complacent smile and nod,  
Who dreamed they could make terms with God.

And with them came the vicious scum,  
 From mean purlieu and dirty slum,  
 All bellows-mouthed to curse and rant,  
 Encouraged by the priestly cant,  
 Encouraged by the bribes they gave,  
 To hound the Master to His grave.  
 By such vile judges Christ was tried,  
 Who ordered He be crucified.  
 Even Pilate mocked their clamouring.  
 Ho, lead Him forth! Behold your King!"

"Behold your King!" Up from the tomb  
 With all its loathsomeness and gloom.  
 Ascended through the radiant sky,  
 Enthroned in shining majesty.  
 A thousand legions waiting round,  
 In princely beauty, glory crowned.  
 The morn shall come as black as night,  
 when earth's dull things shall roll away.  
 The moon shall shed no silver light.  
 The sun emit no cheering ray,  
 When through the strange and lurid air  
 Christ comes with glory, all His own,  
 With hosts of angels circling there,  
 Around His bright descending throne.  
 Then shall the unregenerate go  
 Down to the darkest depths of woe,  
 Where deathless anguish fills the air,  
 With frenzied cries of wild despair,  
 Where hope is lost, and love's sweet spell  
 Comes never where the devils dwell,  
 The doom from Heaven to earth shall ring  
 In thunder-tones "Behold your King!"

Out from that awful day of Doom,  
 The Lord shall call His people home,  
 To dwell beneath the radiant skies,  
 And taste the sweets of Paradise,  
 Where all is pure, and fair, and bright,  
 Unstinted Love moves that sweet clime.  
 No taint of sin, no touch of time,  
 But life, eternal, as the flowers.  
 The crystal streams and leafy bowers

15.

All space, no pain and no decay,  
But joy, and peace and endless day.  
Forever free from all earth's load,  
Rejoicing in the smiles of God.

"Behold your King!" So time swept on  
O'er peasant's hut and monarch's throne,  
Till Israel's sons in tears and blood  
Should gather what their fathers sowed.  
Within Jerusalem's walls were pent  
A countless host, by discord rent.  
Where parties rose in hate and zeal  
From word and look to clash of steel.  
Till Hebrew blood was even poured  
Within the temple of the Lord.  
The many factions spread and grew,  
With deadly hate Jew hated Jew,  
All unrestrained by pride or shame  
Until the hour the Romans came.  
And only then they stayed their blows,  
And waited for their common foes.

Relentlessly the Day of Doom  
Rolled darkly in with battle-gloom.  
When Titus with his spears sat down  
In watchful leaguer round the Town,  
Where, fast in striking strength and pride,  
His legions closed on every side.  
On every wall the Hebrews stood,  
In battle ranks and battle mood.  
Their fighting men filled every tower,  
With sturdy hate of Roman power,  
Their swords and brazen armour shone  
As bravely as the Roman's own.

The catapult's bolts in flight  
Flew through the air like streams of light.  
The great ballista's massive stone  
Against the iron gate was thrown.  
The battering rams with giant sweep  
Tore gaping breaches, low and deep,  
Wherein with shield held overhead,  
The cohorts rushed with thunder tread.

Their shouts rose high above the fray,  
 As spear met spear in dense array.  
 The Hebrews for one instant reeled  
 Before the Roman lance and shield.  
 Next moment like a wall they stood,  
 In strong unflinching attitude.  
 Then through their ranks an impulse came  
 Of God-like power as scorching flame.  
 Through every heart it passed along,  
 And every hand grew giant-strong.

A breath-then their whole front was driven  
 Like red consuming bolts of levin,  
 Upon the Roman line, and down  
 They swept them to the rampart-crown.  
 In wrath and might so sore assailed  
 That even the warlike cohorts quailed.  
 Then hot and fast the blows were plied,  
 And life-blood flowed on every side.  
 Like Gods they fought for Judah then,  
 Inspired like Joshua's lion men.  
 Now, Rome was thrust along the ridge,  
 Now, they were driven down the ledge,  
 With deadly clutch and desperate throw,  
 Upon the brazen ranks below.

Oh, that the Lord of battles gave  
 Messiah now with spear and glaive,  
 One headlong charge would break and fling  
 In dust the Roman eagle's wing.  
 And every Hebrew heart should beat  
 To hear the tramp of freemen's feet.  
 Then fast and far the patriot ire  
 Would spread as spread Gomorrah's fire.  
 Till every sword in all the land  
 Would flash out in a freeman's hand.  
 One fiery charge, His Kingly Might  
 Would beat down Rome's supremacy.  
 And in that great triumphant fight  
 Would make the whole world strong and free.  
 Would found an Empire greater far,  
 Renowned in peace and strong in war.  
 Built deeper, with a mightier sway

Then Rome knew in her proudest day.  
 An Empire that should be the tomb  
 Of all the haughty power of Rome.  
 Alas! Alas! That hope was gone,  
 Now they must stand, or fall, alone.

Again the Roman trumpet blew.  
 Once more the thronging cohorts flew  
 Up through the breach. Their eagles soared  
 And round them loud the battles roared.  
 The solid squadrons, square arrayed,  
 Marched closing up with ready blade.  
 Their javelins poised—a forest shine  
 Supporting all their battled line.  
 Each trampling underneath his tread  
 The stricken bodies, maimed and dead,  
 Now what availed the Hebrew might.  
 None spared their blood in that fierce fight,  
 But cheap each warrior held his life,  
 Nor thought of mother, child, or wife,  
 The holiest passions could not stand  
 Between them and their Father's land.  
 In vain their hundreds laid them down  
 To die for Israel's old renown.  
 No sacrifice of valor stayed  
 The Conquering fight the Romans made,  
 No warrior-skill, or daring deed  
 Could help them in their hour of need.  
 Their Doom was come, and God the Lord  
 Gave Israel to the Roman sword.  
 In iron columns fast they came,  
 Their yellow corselets gleamed like flame,  
 As legion after legion pressed  
 Over the rampart's bloody crest.  
 All crushing Judah's might and pride,  
 Down in the crimson battle-tide.  
 Their all was lost they could but fly  
 Within the Temple courts to die.

Around the holy Temple wall  
 Rose high the bitter battle-call.  
 "Jove, Jove, for Home!" "Jehova Ours!"



Was shouted from the temple towers.  
 With brutal curse of rage and hate  
 As Rome and Israel rushed the gate,  
 Rank locked in rank, each fighting near,  
 With stabbing sword and shortened spear.  
 Or closely clasped, embracing rolled  
 With falling stroke, but rigid hold,  
 Still fighting underneath the tread  
 Of driving battle overhead.  
 But when the Temple court was won  
 Resistance ceased-the fight was done,  
 And thousands there were slain who prayed  
 For mercy with uncovered head.  
 The soul revolts in grief and shame  
 At deeds which stained the Roman name.  
 Of woman's unavailing tears.  
 Of children tossed on Roman spears.  
 No pity moved their hearts of stone.  
 The wanton butchery went on,  
 And with his armor splashed and red,  
 The Roman climbed o'er heaps of dead,  
 Seeking new victims in his glee,  
 Till blood ran even to his knee.  
 And shuddering Night in mercy stayed  
 The savage victor's dripping blade.

As welcome darkness deepening grew,  
 A tongue of flame shot swiftly through  
 A gilded doorway, flashing high  
 Against the blackness of the sky.  
 Fanned by the wind in leaps it came,  
 And swirls, until one master-flame  
 Held all the Temple, roof and tower,  
 Within its whirling, swaying power.  
 And smoke-clouds rolling high and far,  
 Dimmed up in heaven each wondering star.  
 But faster on it roar'd and flowed,  
 And like a great volcano glowed.  
 Over turrets, gables, ledges and walls.  
 The roof-trees and the pinnacles.  
 It seemed endowed with life, and sung  
 Its triumph in a thunder-tongue.

It glared with hungry, wolfish eyes  
On the Altar of the Sacrifice.  
The holy shew-bread, pure and white,  
Seemed blood-red in the crimson light.  
Its fiery glances multified  
From flashing gold on every side.  
The great Shekinah gleamed and shone  
With light and glory, not its own.

The Roman stood amazed-the Jew  
One wild, white look of terror threw,  
And hundreds rushed through flame to die  
Within the holy Sanctuary.  
Then thundering down crashed roof and spire,  
Through roaring waves of rushing fire,  
Engulfing all with withering breath  
In one great holocaust to Death.  
The Book was closed -- The Doom was done!  
Before the rising morning's sun  
Woke up the world to life and day.  
Old Israel's power had passed away.

## BETTER DAYS ARE COMING

Cast aside your looks o'woe  
 Spring is coming cheerie,  
 The crocus soon will clead the brae.  
 The winter cold and dreary  
 Will flee away to polar lands.  
 Then Spring will wed with Simmer.  
 An' the wood -- dove's coo will echo through  
 The screens o' leafy  
 Better days are coming, lad.  
 Better days are coming.  
 We winna aye be dowie, lad.  
 Better days are coming.

Down may be the morning's glint  
 Down be your life's morning.  
 Crosses for you may be in't,  
 Gibes and cruel scorning.  
 Bright the sun shines out bely?  
 An lights a' wi' his glory.  
 So, if you only pray and strive  
 Your true reward's before ye.

Framed may be your lot in life.  
 Cauld and sair wi' dauding.  
 Hard may be your daily strife.  
 Bear may be your hauding  
 But mind, that there's aye Ane aboon,  
 Who paints the bonnie lily.  
 An trustin Him, be't late or soon  
 Content will aye come till ye.

Red may set the simmer sun,  
 Wi' clude athort it roaming.  
 But when the tempest's work is done  
 The calm comes wi' the gloaming.  
 Bye and bye the stars peep oot,  
 Frae 'mong the cary riven.  
 Til soon we see nae gloom about  
 The hale braid briest o' heaven.

21.

Sae, cheer ye up your lot in life  
Micht maybe been a war 'ane.  
Be thankful if ye've strength for strife.  
Though your fight be a sair ane.  
For God aye helps the striver through,  
And lichtens a' his sorrow,  
The striver for the Right and True  
Will have a bright to-morrow.  
Better days are coming, lad,  
Better days are coming.  
When Hope and Joy come glory-clad,  
Better days are coming.

## BLACK DIAMONTS

Gems of price, with a radiant glow,  
Light with their glories proud beauty's brow,  
Sapphire and turquoise and emerald shine  
With the ruby red from the Indian mine.  
Dispensing their light on the festal throng,  
Which they gathered and stored when the world  
was young.

But their sparkling beauties are dead and cold.  
In their settings of fretted or burnished gold.  
No life-light gleams from the polished stone.  
It is cold as the ice in the frigid zone  
The only gem with a living soul  
Enshrined in its heart, is the shining Coal.

The soul of that diamond lay still and cold,  
Under the rock and the clay and the mould.  
While the swinging centuries rolled away  
In little atoms of night and day.  
The great earth quaked from some hidden power,  
Famine and Pestilence claimed their hour.  
Nations grew up and lived and died,  
Through their brutal lusts, or their pampered  
pride.

And tribes and races and tongues of men  
Returned to nourish the earth again.  
But dark and silent in Mother Earth,  
The diamond waited the hour of its birth.

Great armies marched with a martial tread,  
Over its hidden slumber-bed,  
Then the green turf trembled beneath the beat  
Of the rushing battle's thunderous feet.  
And Hate and Wrath's destroying hands  
Dyed red with life the fertile lands.  
Where Fate's weird thread was darkly spun,  
And Freedom's fight was lost, or won.  
That egot, man, with feeble power  
Wrestled, or wept, his little hour  
A grain of sand beside the sea.  
A speck on earth's immensity.

His will, a breath -- his might, or mind  
As dust upon the passing wind.  
A hive of ants will crowd and creep,  
To fight upon some carrion heap.  
With daring hearts and savage vim  
They rend each other limb from limb  
And shout that all the world may see  
Their puny short-lived mastery.  
But all their prowess cannot save  
Their flesh from a forgotten grave.  
So, man, the Conqueror, at last  
His triumphs and his victories past,  
So, man, the King, by Time o'erthrown  
Walks down Death's shadowy trail alone.  
And spite of bluster, strength and boast  
His very name and nation lost.  
But patient under it all still lay  
The diamond waiting its coming day.

Sweet flowers of the long-gone time were prest  
Into the diamond's virgin breast.  
Cup and bell with their iris eyes,  
A thousand forms and a thousand dyes.  
The odorous breath of the blossoms rare  
Was gathered in from the envious air,  
Where its subtile fragrance floated free  
By Nature's cunning alchemy.  
In her sure crucible were blent  
The spear of light, the tint, the scent.  
All sealed up in the thickening gloom  
Of that strange murky living tomb.  
Till a thousand ages rolled away  
And brought the resurrection day.  
When every power and essence freed  
Was lent to man's desire, or need.

In through a breach on the lone hill side,  
Black and grimy the miners hied,  
Burrowing like moles in the beaten clay,  
Far from the life and the light of day,  
Far from the sun, by a dim lamp's gleam  
They daringly followed the dark coal seam,  
In hourly danger of sudden death  
From the falling roof or the choke-damp's breath,  
Till the gems came forth to the light of day,  
And gleamed and laughed in the sunny ray,  
From a thousand faces the jet coal threw,  
The light in all shades of the rainbow's hue.

It was roused to life by the touch of fire,  
Rejoicing in might it rose higher and higher.  
Till over the landscape black with might,  
Its fierce tongues shot with a ruddy light.  
Like a giant it roared in the chambered flue,  
Withering the walls in its battle through,  
Such power it had won in its sleep of death,  
That stones became iron beneath its breath.

The molten metal in lakes below,  
Gleamed purple and white in the mighty glow,  
And quivered and throbbed like a living thing,  
In response to the great fire's quickening.  
The living diamond in hot assay,  
Purged all the dross of the stone away,  
And the iron left on the scorching sand,  
Took shape and power from the Master's hand.  
The royal purple and robes of state,  
Which wrap the limbs of the rich and great  
The battle-flags which our heroes wave,  
When they strike the chains from the trembling  
                slave.

Are tinted bright by the hues sublime,  
From the flowers of that long forgotten time.  
The pleasant odours which spread and flow,  
Round dainty maidens who come and go,  
The welcome draught of the rich perfumes, .  
Which well from fashion's radiant rooms,  
Are the breath of the flowers which lived and  
died.

In the glorious glow of their summer pride,  
And were hidden away like a sleeping soul,  
Deep in the heart of the shining coal.

It moves great ships against wind and tide,  
And safe in its power proud navies ride,  
The commerce of Continents follows its lead.  
Over the tracks of the railroad bed,  
It is life and joy to the city hearth,  
Where the children romp in their guileless mirth,  
Or watch in fire the visions which play,  
As the soul of the diamond slow dies away.  
It warms with its spirit the lordly hall,  
And the prairie home when night's shadows fall,  
All earth grows glad in the gifts which rise,  
From the diamond's soul as its body dies.



## BURNS' ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Out of the mists of Time,  
 Strongly uplooming,  
 Heroes and giants,  
 All smiling or glooming.  
 Glad in sheen armour.  
 Stand sternly defying.  
 Evils uncounted, or  
 Daringly dying.

Gallant and princely deeds,  
 Shine on the pages.  
 Of the old Chronicles -  
 Wealth for all ages.  
 When poets their glories tell.  
 How our souls quiver,  
 They make those kingly deeds  
 Burn on forever.

Burn with a radiance,  
 The brighter outshining,  
 That all else around them,  
 In darkness lay pining --  
 The sun gilds the mountain peak,  
 While the deep corrie  
 Lies dark in the mistland,  
 Outspreading before ye.

So do these olden deeds,  
 Glow all the brighter,  
 The death of the Martyr,  
 The fate of the fighter.  
 Stand clearer and fairer,  
 From the gloom that embound them.  
 From the hates and the malice,  
 And errors around them.

Down through the ages,  
 Right's champion walked brighter.  
 Than all his surroundings.  
 Now poet -- now fighter.

But eye in clean garments,  
His soul was enfolden,  
And ever his lips spake,  
But truth pure and golden.

In Wallace the Dauntless,  
He strode on defying,  
The Usurper's might,  
When our men all lay dying.  
In Bruce the Victorious,  
He fought with high bravery,  
And freed our old birthland  
From tyrants and slavery.

Cant and Hypocrisy both  
Fled affrighted,  
"The Gospel is dark", they said,  
Burns said, "It lighted  
The whole of man's future,  
And filled it with glory,  
If they took it like children,  
Believing its story".

Though fiercely he smote down,  
Both wrong and delusion,  
Brought light out of darkness,  
And grace from Confusion.  
His great heart went out,  
Unto man without measure,  
And his broad-searching love,  
Was the gift of a treasure.

Embracing God's universe,  
Great in its gladness,  
A ministering angel,  
To sorrow and sadness.  
The crimson-tipped gowan,  
That grew by the mountain,  
The hare that limped past;  
By the verge of the fountain.

Sweet Nature in all,  
Of her guises and phases,

Won his far-reaching love,  
 And his far-sounding praises,  
 The were objects to love,  
 To revere, to delight in,  
 Like blessings they came,  
 Through lulls of the fighting.

And his soul grew the truer,  
 The braver and greater,  
 As it rose from the creature,  
 Up to the Creator.  
 He taught us the best,  
 Of our feelings to cherish.  
 That Love's sweet affections,  
 Will nevermore perish,  
 And all that is best, both  
 Of earth and of heaven,  
 For man's pure enjoyment  
 Our Father has given.

From his heart sprang an army,  
 Devoted and tender,  
 Brave Champions of Right,  
 Every weak one's defender.  
 And wherever Oppression comes,  
 Justice defying.  
 There do the heroes stand,  
 Daring and dying.

The torch-light of truth,  
 Flashing higher and higher.  
 Passed on to the son,  
 From the death-stricken sire,  
 And wherever Right wanted,  
 A hero, he gave her  
 The best of his life,  
 With his strongest endeavour.

On through his life-work,  
Tho' fortune were frowning,  
He passed with firm footstep,  
All baseness disowning,  
With a pure, lofty purpose,  
Fear never made falter.  
'Gainst the King on the throne,  
Or priest at the altar.

Time ever moving,  
Flows on like a river,  
But truth stands like granite,  
Forever and ever.  
And Sin and Oppression,  
Like great waves are beating,  
That sea-wall of adamant,  
But never defeating.  
Truth, burning from God,  
Forever is Evil,  
Thrown down in the battle,  
Tho' led by the Devil.

The battle-flag trailed,  
In the dust and the mire,  
Till Burns caught it up,  
With a glance full of fire,  
The scorn on his lip,  
In his work freely spoken,  
The glow of his eye,  
Told a spirit unbroken.

Folly and foible,  
He lashed, never sparing,  
A vice of his own,  
Neither knowing or caring,  
Where his hammer-blows fell.  
And the sin and the sinner,  
Dishevelled reeled back.

Error and Falsehood, writhed,  
Smitten and sundered,  
Wherever the voice of his  
Battle-cry thundered.  
Wrong and Oppression,  
He scourged in his ire,  
Fearless and free  
In his message of fire.

Through the snows of the Northland,  
In tropical forest,  
They gather like leaves, when  
Their need is the sorest.  
And their torchlights, are banners  
Of Justice unfurled.  
For the Rights of Humanity,  
Over the world.

She burst on his sight like a star in the ball-  
room.

'Mid a myriad of beauties who circled in light.  
But hers was a radiance eclipsing the whole room.  
She shone with a splendor most brilliantly bright.  
He gazed for a moment, her glory enthralled him,

Then deep to his heart went love's soul stir-  
ring pain,

And fondly he came at her beck when she called  
him,

Though fooled still, he followed his charmer  
again.

Her bangs and her finglets excited a feeling  
Which came to his soul with a start of sur-  
prise,

And gave to his spirit the mighty revealing,  
He could only exist in the light of her eyes.  
He fell of his "grub" and his clothes hung about  
him,

Like sacks on a scarecrow in bag and in fold.  
When he walked down the street all the Hebrews  
would tout him  
To buy a "noo Shoote", and to sell them the old.

Her red lips could charm him to concerts and  
dances,

The sweet candy-stand and the Shivering ice-  
cream.

Her mirth loving eye had the softest of glances,  
He walked like a man in a high, holy dream.

A halo of glory encircled that maiden,  
And all her surroundings were dainty and trim.  
Her old gloves he worshipped, her footprints  
he prayed in,

And, oh, to be near her was heaven to him.



## CANADA

We hold this dear young land of ours  
The fairest in the world to-day.  
Though gemmed by no bright, tropic-flowers,  
Nor famed in old, historic lay,  
Our rich cornlands, Our forests vast,  
We match against the mouldering piles,  
Those time-marks of a hoary past,  
Which stud old continents and isles.

Their serf and baron made indeed,  
A mark on many a field of blood.  
The serf was but a slave and greed  
Was oft the baron's ruling mood.  
But we are free, our hearts are strong  
As ever beat in lordly hall.  
All keen to smite tyrannic Wrong,  
And patriot love inspires us all.

To ancient wall and ivied tower,  
Our reverence and respect are paid.  
Though oft they shielded wrong in power,  
Oft lent their strength to Evil's aid.  
Our castles, are our freeborn hearts,  
Our towers, are faith in kin and home.  
The strength which patriot love imparts  
Rears walls no foes can overcome.

Our fields stretch to the Setting sun.  
Our lands beyond the arctic line.  
All rich with treasures yet unwon,  
In field and forest, main and mine.  
Oh, Canada, My Country! Great.  
The guerdon, Time, holds full and free  
If patriot hands control your fate,  
And shape your coming destiny.  
Build up with patience stone by stone  
Your laws in righteousness and truth.  
And mould in patriot pride alone,  
The hearts of all your manful youth.



United we'll stand strong and free,  
While other nations reel and fall.  
One Empire spread from sea to sea,  
One Empire's love to sway us all.

Away with each race-hate and name  
Implant not on our maiden strands,  
The malice and the strife which shame  
The peoples of the older lands.  
Let our hearts beat with love alone  
To our dear land so young and fair  
And make her shores fair Freedom's throne  
Her laws a peoples loving care.

## CANADIAN BALLAD

Men call for a battle-hymn,  
A song of the march and the fight.  
Where the glow of God's love grows dim  
In the battle's lurid light.  
"Give us a martial song", they say.  
"That will bind like an iron band.  
That will make us a nation strong in a day,  
Mighty in heart and hand."

"Sing us a song afire  
With the deeds men love to name,  
Sending our heart-beats higher,  
Setting our souls aflame.  
With the love, and the power, and the pride,  
Of a people united and free.  
A song that will ever abide,  
In the hearts that love liberty."

Nay, there is a holier song.  
The song of man's brotherhood.  
Justice, instead of wrong.  
Love in the place of blood.  
The spirit of Christ, the Lord,  
And the love He bore to all,  
Were a mightier theme than the song of the sword,  
Or the hymn of the cannon ball.

A nobler day has dawned,  
The sway of the sword and gun,  
The blood and tears of its spoiling hand  
On the earth will soon be done.  
When the White Christ reigns supreme,  
The roar of the battle-blast,  
Will rise up but like a nightmare dream  
Out of the savage past.

So, sing us a master-lay,  
Ablaze with man's love to man.  
Teach us to lead the way,  
With Canada in the van.  
On that glorious march to light,  
When all the world shall own  
Man's brotherhood and right,  
When Christ shall be King alone.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME  
Old Adage

So it does, but where is home?  
All earth beneath the kindly dome  
Of heaven.  
Wherever babbling waters run--  
Wherever shines the circling sun.  
For God has given  
The earth to man. With polar snow  
The Indian builds his igloo,  
And holds that land with winter dim  
The dearest in the world to him.  
The dusky children of the sun,  
All sweltering in the torrid zone,  
Beneath some spreading banyan lay  
Their mats and dream the hours away.  
That fervid clime within their eyes,  
They deem earth's only paradise,  
From which no wealth could make them roam.  
Wherever man is found on earth,  
Of lowly or of lordly birth,  
No matter ~~though~~ he sweat and toil  
On fruitful field or barren soil,  
'Neath tower, or tent, or forest-tree,  
In bondage, or in liberty.  
There charity begins, for that is home.

And we are kindred, one and all.  
One loving Father gave us birth.  
All brothers dwelling in the thrall  
Of common suffering, sin and death.  
The fair Caucasian, with the mark  
Of mastery in his shining brow.  
The red man from the forest dark.  
The hunger-smitten Esquimaux.  
But white, or black, or dark, or fair  
Our kinship with each other stands.  
There charity begins, if there  
Our brothers' need our helping hands.

Why boast of wealth, or lordly birth.  
Of old names, or patrician blood?  
Our bodies are built up of earth.  
Our souls come from our common God.  
Oh, that the world would hold the ties,  
Those sacred ties of kin and blood.  
As holy bonds, and recognise  
By every deed man's brotherhood!  
When wealth will lift the hungry ones,  
Then pride will stop its poor parade.  
The sorrowing will be cheered, and stones  
Will nevermore be given for bread.  
Let all our hearts with love outreach  
Let love alone each fault condemn.  
Let every pain a lesson teach  
To draw in closer unto them.  
The world will grow like heaven when all  
Love's sympathies and tokens come.  
Each race shall all men "Brothers" call  
And Charity begins at home.

DAN RAFFERTY'S GOOSE.  
(A Political Discussion)

"Yez are askin' me phy  
There is black round me oi.  
Phy me head is swelled like a caboose.  
By the powers of MolKelly!  
The through I will tell ye,  
'Twas sitin' Dan Rafferty's goose."

"The table was set,  
Whin the party war met,  
An' the goose was dished up bilin' hot,  
Wid a big bafe-stake poi  
(Its the truth now me bhoy)  
An' the praties piled round it like shot.

"Three jugs ov' potheen  
Just completed the scene,  
Wid pipes and tobaccy galore.  
Thin we aich wet our eye  
Wid a dhrop on the sly  
From a bottle behine ov' the door.

There was Dan, there was I,  
There was Flannigan's bhoy,  
An' another half-dozen or so  
There was Biddy McShaw,  
An' the Widdy Cosgrew,  
Wid eyes that outrival'd the sloe.

The goose soon was ait,  
An' the bones picked complete.  
(Sure a purty old tough wan he'd been.)  
Thin the glasses wint round  
Till all sorrow was dhrowned  
In a mighty big dhrink ov' potheen.

Sez Paddy Macray  
"I will tell yez, John A.  
Is the bist statesman iver was born,"  
"It's a lie," then sez Dan  
Niddy Blake is the man  
An' I prove it wid my ould blackthorn"

"Its not thrue what you spake!"  
 Thin sez Paddy "I'll make,  
 Yez eat up the same words before long."  
 So blackthorn an' fist,  
 Got mixed up in a mist.  
 Of profanity sulphurous and strong.

The crookery ware,  
 Sure was filling the air,  
 An' smashin' on friends an' on foes,  
 The breadbasket flew,  
 Wid an aim that was thrue,  
 An' broke Red Dennis Milligan's nose.

Poor Biddy McShane,  
 Got a clout on the brain,  
 That came virry near makin' her ind.  
 Tim Brannen an' I,  
 War knock'd down wid wan shy  
 Ov a saucepan in Bralligan's hand.

Thin the pleeceman came in,  
 Och, the black thaives o' sin,  
 But they spoiled a most illigant fight!  
 They marched us all down,  
 Blood an' dirt through the town,  
 An' gave us free lodgings all night.



41.

One ray of joy as it passes by.  
But the murmurs come,  
And the yawning tomb,  
Opens wide it's dark portals to welcome us home.

Through the mazy dance, or the crowded marts,  
Death's Angel stalks on it's fearsome way.  
Where he lays his cold, iron hand on the hearts  
Of the foolish and wise, of the grave and gay.  
The house of mirth and the wassail-board,  
Are changed when that Presence steps in as a  
guest.

Who snatches the miser away from his hoard,  
And the infant-babe from the Mother's breast.  
The world is filled with the sighs and tears,  
Which this Changer brings, but its woes and  
its fears,

Rarely teach us a lesson, for day by day  
We keep pushing the thought from ourselves away.  
We keep gathering up knowledge and power and  
renown,  
Building shop and factory and tower and town.  
We keep filling our storehouses broad and  
high,

And living as though we would never die.  
Though death  
Is lurking in every breath.  
And the world forever keeps murmuring "Death."



## DELIVERANCE OF PETER.

Acts 12-4

In Herod's prison Peter lay,  
Where twilight at the high noonday,  
Crept struggling through a grating small,  
Set high within the chamber wall.  
Where thick with miasmatic gloom,  
The light but faintly lit the room,  
His manly face and sturdy limb,  
Showed weird-like in that gloaming dim.  
His grey eyes with a lovelight glowed,  
Which sanctified that dark abode--  
Shining with a lustre bright,  
Beaming with supernal light.  
Which kindled in his soul when he  
Met Jesus first by Galilee.

Fettered down to an iron clamp,  
Rusty and rough with age and damp,  
Where the littered straw was rotted through,  
With the deathly drops of the dungeon-dew,  
Fevered he lay, with throbbing brow,  
But his brave soul unfaltering now,  
Faced death in shame without dismay,  
Perchance, with Morrow's opening day.

Without the world was fresh and fair,  
Upon the soft and balmy air,  
Floated rich perfumes sweet and free,  
From flowers and bush and fragrant tree,  
The song-bird's music went and came,  
Like Hummings to God's holy name,  
Now soft and low, now shrill and high,  
Now on the earth, now in the sky.  
Stirring with pure and holy joy;  
The bearded sire and thoughtless boy.  
But Herod's sickening captives heard,  
No sigh of winds, nor song of birds.

Along the terraced hills were seen,  
Earth's riches springing fresh and green,  
The olive in its modest pride,

The smiling fig tree by its side,  
 The swaying grain, the tender vine,  
 Upspringing into corn and wine.  
 The more the captives pined in pain.  
 And sighed for freedom's hours again.

The Spring-tide zepthers wandered bye,  
 From the rugged hills of Engaddi,  
 With dirge-like music sailing on  
 Down the green skirts of Lebanon,  
 They murmured through the olive-trees.....  
 A soft and sighing evening breeze --  
 Then, laden with a sweet perfume,  
 Sought out the cells of woe and gloom,  
 And through each bar and crevice crept,  
 Where lonely captives lay and wept.  
 They kissed away the burning glow  
 From off each flushed and fevered brow.

Bright Jordan murmuring, rolled along,  
 The theme of many a poet's song,  
 Past sweet farm houses nestling low,  
 'Neath emerald leaves it wandered slow.  
 where Hebrew children ran and played.  
 where grandsires rested in the shade.  
 where maid and matron laughing lave  
 Their white feet in the crystal wave.  
 Past battled tower and princely home.  
 Past lowly hut and gilded dome,  
 Now with an impulse wild and strong,  
 The quickening waters rushed along.  
 Past grassy mead and upland lea,  
 Past beetling crag and forest tree.  
 Singing a song of liberty.

Within the cells the captives lay,  
 And dreamed the weary hours away,  
 No murmuring ripple sounded there,  
 From Jordan's waters fresh and fair.  
 In songs of God's eternal praise,  
 The Prisoners thought them of the days,  
 When they, young, careless boys had strayed,  
 O'er river bank or olive-glade,

And plucked the clustering grapes which glow,  
 Like rubies from each pendant bough,  
 Or with their young companions spent  
 The day in noisy merriment,  
 All heedless of time's hasty flight  
 Till daylight darkened into night.  
 Oh golden days! Oh holy hours!  
 When life is light and joy and flowers!

The prison-wall with gruesome frown,  
 Of ashy-gray, glowered darkly down,  
 Upon the dwellings cowering near,  
 Like human souls in shrinking fear,  
 Its very presence seemed to thrill  
 The wanderers on the streets, and chill  
 The merry children's hearts, that they  
 Sought sunnier nooks to laugh and play.  
 The slanting sunbeams fell and shed  
 Great glowing rays of golden-red,  
 On donjon deep and battled wall,  
 On bastion, tower and pinnacle,  
 And yet they mocked the magic night,  
 Of sunset's power to make them bright.  
 Down like a flash of amber flame,  
 The Royal Banner fluttering came.  
 The gates were closed with triple bar,  
 And in each court and corridor  
 The watch was set: Upon the walls  
 Paced forth the lonely sentinels.


Out from the guard-house, dark and strong,  
 An old centurion marched along.  
 His Hebrew soldiers, brave and tall,  
 And steady as an iron wall,  
 Whose measured tramp of many feet,  
 In martial cadence loudly beat.  
 The clank of arms in hall and square  
 Rang loudly on the evening air.  
 Is it for war these come arrayed?

45.

With brazen shield and gleaming blade?  
Has civil discord grown to strife,  
And bared the fratricidal knife?  
Are Roman eagles in their hate  
All mustering round the fortress gate?  
Nay, all that gathering in the gloom,  
With burnished spear and nodding plume,  
With ribald jest and muttered ban,  
Is but to guard one lonely man,  
Chained down upon a dungeon floor,  
Where through the vaulted corridor  
Their ringing footsteps came and went,  
Until the weary night was spent.  
And two, the trustiest and the tried,  
Were fettered down to Peter's side.

But, lo! at midnight's solemn hour  
God's Angel came with mighty power.  
When brighter than the noonday sun,  
A glory through the dungeon shone.  
The pended room gleamed clear and white,  
And centered in that living light,  
A dazzling Being all arrayed  
In stainless robes from heel to head,  
Half floating round him free and fair,  
In texture of the gossamer.

Tangible, yet intangible, he stood,  
A Being not of flesh and blood  
As ours, but born  
Of heavenly elements, which scorn  
The grosser matter of our earthly frames  
A Being born of winds and flames,  
And essences our earth has never known.  
Pure, sweet and fervent, as Christ's love alone.  
Visible, yet invisible, and dowered  
Of God with many a lordly gift, Empowered  
To smite down evil with a god-like blow.  
Raise up the fallen, and exalt the low.  
Stately of gesture, with a kingly air,  
Yet his imperial face glowed grand and afair  
With love, all-mighty love, God's great bequest  
Of all man's heritage, first, noblest, best.



Peter lay prone and heavy-eyed,  
 With the two soldiers side by side.  
 All naked in the sweltering fume,  
 Of heat within that living tomb.  
 Wrapt deep in sleep, yet every while  
 Crept o'er each bearded face a smile.  
 For Misery's sons forget to weep,  
 But lose their sorrows in their sleep,  
 And dream of pleasures long gone by,  
 Of hopes which fired the soul and eye.  
 Of vain desires which spurned control,  
 And seared like fire the sinners soul.  
 Or, who can tell? Perchance to see  
 Some glimmering of futurity.

The angel smote him, "Haste, awake"  
 Bind on your sandalled shoon and take  
 Your garment, for you must be free.  
 The Master needs you, Follow me!"

Upstarting in his sleep, he woke,  
 As on his half-dazed spirit broke  
 That radiant vision. Where, or when,  
 Among the sons of mortal men  
 Did such a glorious sight inspire  
 The human heart with holy fire.  
 He rose in haste, and from each hand  
 His fetters fell like ropes of sand.  
 Great Love cast out the fear which stole  
 So sudden on his startled soul.

The ponderous door of oaken wood,  
 All ribbed with beaten iron, stood  
 A triumph of man's strength and skill.  
 To serve a tyrant's brutal will.  
 We deem the Laws of Matter strong,  
 Although we know not whence they sprung.  
 All-perfect from our Father's hand,  
 To rule the air, and sea and land.  
 Yet Spirit-power can override,  
 And set their steadfast force aside.

47.

As mist-wreaths on a hill-side lie,  
Like cliffs of granite towering high,  
Seeming to stand in strength alone  
As firm as Earth's foundation stone,  
Yet pervious that a ring-dove white  
Can pierce the barrier in its flight.  
So bolt and bar as mist-cloud lay  
Across the shining Angel's way.  
His path through steel or stone was free  
As flying wind or rolling sea.  
As on they passed: Without the guard  
Still faithful kept their midnight ward.  
And their mailed feet clanged sounding on  
Adown that closs of vaulted stone.  
But by some wondrous occult law  
The watchful warriors never saw  
The glory of the wandering Light.  
Nor the celestial Being, bright  
With God's own fair, majestic grace,  
In form, in graciousness, and face.  
Nor saw the Apostle Peter stand  
Unfettered by the Angel's hand.  
Each dull material sense ignored  
That vision from our God, the Lord.  
O'er ear and eye the veil was cast,  
Which dimmed them as the Glory passed.

They passed through gates of iron, bound  
In walls of rock, when all around  
The sentinels stood watchful eyed,  
Who made their vigilance, their pride.  
But God had interposed to rend  
His own from Herod's bloody hand.  
From dungeon-bolt and fetter-chain,  
So, all the watchmen walked in vain.

The great portcullis, strong and stent,  
Of mighty iron scarred and bent  
By battle-blow, by touch of Time.  
Corroded deep with rust and grime,  
Fenced them from freedom, guarded well

By many a warlike sentinel.  
 The Angel's light glanced bright and clear  
 On iron casque and glittering spear.  
 The steel cuirass and falchion bright  
 Flashed back the glory of the Light.  
 Black eyes and swarthy faces gleamed  
 All weirdlike where the Glory streamed  
 In its full radiance, pure and great,  
 Upon them as they kept the gate.  
 But o'er them came that mystic spell  
 Which bound the warders in the cell.  
 For sword, nor spear, nor shield can stand  
 Against Jehovah's mighty hand.

Away the massive barrier swung,  
 As if instinct with life, it rung  
 With many a creak and jarring groan  
 Up through the deep-grooved lintel-stone.  
 Yet still the warrior-warders stood  
 In all their strength and hardihood.  
 Unconscious of each sound and sight,  
 Which stirred the restfulness of night,  
 With all its God-sent mystery.  
 Then Peter stood without and free.  
 The angel spoke, and smiling bright,  
 "Behold," said he, "My work is done.  
 Hold fast the faith, keep up the fight,  
 And trust the rest to God alone."  
 So speaking thus he disappeared.  
 With the fair Light.  
 Peter rejoiced, and then he feared  
 As darkness dimmed his mortal sight.

He doubted, was it all a dream.  
 Till through his heart a living stream  
 Of holy gladness swiftly stole,  
 Calming his rest and troubled soul.  
 But such a strength his spirit won  
 That every earthly fear was gone.  
 What recked he though the prison tower  
 Above his head in passive night.  
 He only smiled to see it lour  
 And scowl up through the breast of Night.  
 Resting against the shimmering stars.  
 Dark with the fetters, bolts and bars,  
 With which a tyrant strives to bind  
 The spirit of a freeman's mind.





## PRAYER

We ask the good Lord for a blessing  
On wife, or on child, or on friend,  
Then that treasure, unstinted in measure,  
Comes back to our hearts at the end.

Farmer Daker upt blinders upon  
Dobbin, the gentle eyed.  
Not that Dob was a vicious one,  
But just for a bit of pride.  
His braw new harness shone clean and bright,  
Flashing out in the sunny light,  
And a bell on the headstall silver-white,  
Ring merrily far and wide.

The farmer drove in his pride of heart  
To the mart, or the House of God,  
For his new turn-out was very smart,  
Though his pride he never showed.  
But Dobbin saw not the hedgerows now  
Nor the trees which grew on the mountain brow.  
Nor the flowers which peeped from the grass  
below,  
Only the dusty road.

Now many a man's put blinders about  
His own soul's heaven-lit eyes.  
Shutting the light of Love's sunshine out.  
For a paltry tinsel prize.  
Grubbing along Life's dusty way,  
Wearily grinding from day to day.  
Starving his soul for the beggar's pay  
He must leave behind when he dies.

He sees not the beauty of sky and earth.  
He is dead to the touch of Love's hand.  
The gold he has gathered, the wealth he is worth  
But shrivels his soul at life's end.  
What does he miss in his desolate quest?  
He misses in life all its purest and best.  
The joy both of blessing and being blest.  
And when earth-life is past with its fevered unrest,  
The joy of Immanuel's Land.

## DREAMLAND.

In the Dreamland I am free.  
Sweet visions come to me,  
From the Summerland of dreams.  
There the sky is ever bright,  
Glowed with mellow, amber light.  
Whose glory gleams  
On river, earth and air.  
And, oh, what wonders rare  
The golden glamour seems  
To throw on all around,  
On the sweet flowers on the ground.  
On the chaplets that are bound  
On the brows  
Of the living, breathing trees,  
That are talking to the breeze  
As it flows  
With everlasting rhyme.  
Singing songs of love and time.  
Merry as a bridal chime  
Through their bought.

The clear-eyed daisies nod  
To the violets on the sod.  
Breathing perfumes up to God  
As a prayer.  
The anemones greet  
The green grass at their feet,  
Or with carresses sweet  
Fondle there  
The blushing wild red rose,  
Or the lily, like the snows  
Of the vale.  
Or they whisper, low and clear,  
In the foxglove's listening ear,  
Tender words of trust and cheer,  
A sweet love tale.

The buttercup's bright gold  
Flecking all the flowery wold,  
Shows how great and manifold,  
Is God's might.

53.

To paint in kingly dyes,  
Scalloped leaves and starry eyes,  
In the hues of heavenly skies,  
And heavenly light.  
There, every bud and tell  
On the meadow, bush and fell,  
Bend together as they tell  
Their secrets deep.  
And each cadence murmured low  
In such music come and go,  
That the rhythm, soft and slow,  
Lulls to sleep  
The vagrant winds which roam  
From their Father's stately home,  
In the land  
Where the fairies frisk and play,  
And in crystal caverns stray.  
When the silver summer day  
Has no end.

In hedgerow, grove and bower,  
The milk-white blossoms shower  
From the sprays.  
And each life-germ seems to sigh  
As the zephyrs wander bye,  
For the days  
When the winter's icy cold  
Lays them low upon the mould,  
In their crimson shades of gold,  
Unto rest,  
Till Spring resurrection-hours,  
With its vivifying showers,  
Bring them blooming into flowers  
From earth's breast.

No disappointments chill  
My spirit with the thrill  
Of care,  
Dull sadnesses are drowned  
In the sweet rhythmical sound,  
Which is floating all around  
In the air.  
The insect's drowsy hum,

And the song-bird's chorus come.  
No living form is dumb.

But seems to share  
In that gay and gladsome time  
Of Nature in her prime.

Of Love with all her powers,  
Which make the bee and bird  
Sing a holy anthem, heard  
In the cedars music stirred,  
And the bowers  
Of the basswood and the beech,  
Where the princely maples reach,  
(Those palm-trees of "This Canada of ours")  
Their thousand-finger'd hands,  
O'er the level lying lands  
Up to God.

As if praying to come down  
On each green, umbrageous crown,  
All the blessings that are strewn  
At His nod.

The patient oxen stand  
In the fertile meadow land.  
Among the clover-blooms to the knee.  
And in their dreamy eyes  
A wistful sadness lies,  
As though they looked in vain to see  
O'er the far horizon, some  
Bright messenger to come  
From God's eternal home  
In the skies,  
To bring them gifts to fill  
The deep desires, which thrill,  
Their mortal flesh-to still  
Their many moans and cries.

A restful languor streams  
Through the sweetness of my dreams,  
Which moves my soul with pleasure, near  
allied  
To the warning throbs of pain,  
Which go stealing through the brain,  
Or run tingling in each vein's  
Ruddy tide.

Greater joys abiding rest  
In the deepness of my breast.  
Then I can tell  
A soft, rosy glow is cast.  
O'er the future and the past  
Like a spell.  
No sins weigh down my hand.  
Strong and fetterless I stand.  
A human, with a spirit half divine.  
My soul, purged white from stain,  
My body free from pain.  
Brave, and fair, and young again.  
In those happy dreams of mine.  
Then I woke, refreshed and strong  
To resist Sin's siren-song  
Which we hear amid the throng  
Of the fray.  
And it weakens half the power  
Of temptation in the hour  
When its darkest shadows lour  
O'er life's day.

## EPISTLE TO THE BOYS.

In youth's sweet hours when all is bright,  
When smiles and sunshine gild the way,  
And no grim thought of evil's might  
Come darkening down to cloud the day,  
The world is all before you, fair  
And strange as an enchanted land.  
Your hearts beat high, your hopes can dare  
The dizziest flight to Fortune's hand.  
Choose ye your path, be it to raise  
Truth's Royal Banner up to win.  
Or choose the path which brings disgrace  
In battling through the sloughs of sin.  
Strive to be man in word, and tread  
The footprints of earth's noble few.  
Dispise the oath, the lie, the deed  
Which mark the base man from the true.  
True manliness, like summer flower,  
Bud bright and bloom on every hand.  
In India's jungles, Africa's bowers,  
But fairest in our own dear land.

Age does not constitute a man.  
The hoary head may never be  
The dwelling of the soul of one  
Of God's distinctive chivalry.  
The meanness of the sneak may pry  
From eyes which Time has taught in vain.  
The vulgar oath, the ready lie  
May ages lips defile and stain.  
A giant's shadow may be thrown  
A cubit o'er the crowd around.  
His limbs be towers of brawn and bone.  
His step may shake the trembling ground.  
That mass of flesh may breathe and move,  
The casket of a pigmy soul.  
Devoid of faith and truth and love.  
Where evil passions hold control.  
The pride of wealth, of rank, or race.  
Conceit in ornament, or dress.  
Nor many a so-called courtly grace.  
Even beauty is not manliness.

What do you deem a man? The best,  
 The highest type of human-kind.  
 A Being who brings trust and rest.  
 Of earnest mood and single mind.  
 A soul to make a mighty stand  
 For Right, no matter when, or where.  
 A courage that can raise its hand  
 And all the blows of Evil dare.  
 A mind to feel for other's woes.  
 A hand to help in day or night.

A voice to cheer the souls of those  
 Whose brains a reeling in the fight.  
 Brave heart, pure lip, a spirit whole.  
 A hatred, and a scorn of wrong.  
 whose grip of Faith upholds his soul.  
 When strife with sin makes heroes strong,  
 The manless soul, both pure and high,  
 May in the puniest body dwell.  
 A man's true stature would you try?  
 Measure his soul and not its shell.

The journey oft is sore with pain.  
 Beset with briars as well as flowers.  
 And manhood's crown we sometimes gain  
 Through bitter tears in blinding showers.  
 But dark or light, the path is straight.  
 The way is plain, though hard to win.  
 For warning marks all round you wait  
 In godless guise besmirched by sin.  
 Curb well your passions, keep the rein,  
 Be not dismayed although you fall.  
 Up to your feet! a man again.  
 In conquering self, you conquer all.  
 Thenceforth the world with all its care,  
 Shall wring from you no coward's tear.  
 The steadfast mind can calmly bear  
 Life's countless ills, nor flinch in fear.  
 To altitudes before unknown  
 Your soul will rise to peace and rest.  
 A man to help God's kingdom on.  
 A blessing unto all, and blest.



## EASTERTIDE

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
So the waiting Angels sang,  
Burst the bars of Death's dark prison,  
Not with brazen trumpet's clang.  
Not with glorious banners waving,  
Not with people's loud acclaim.  
Through the heaven's wide azure raving,  
Telling all the world His fame,  
But silent, when Dawn's misty eyes,  
Opened in the eastern skies.

While yet the countless stars were peeping,  
Calm-eyed with effulgence mild,  
And all the tired world lay sleeping,  
Deeply as a little child,  
Only straying night-winds heard Him,  
And the pale orbs overhead.  
Were the witnesses beholding.  
Jesus Christ rise from the dead--  
Then Nature bowed in awe to see,  
The Wonder of that Mystery.

When pain and shame were ended,  
And our blessed Lord had died,  
Low upon the earth descended,  
The ghostly shades of eventide.  
Darkening all the Judean valleys,  
Covering up the purple hills,  
Shadowing walls and streets and alleys,  
Temple-gates and pinnacles.  
Rock and tower and shrub and tree,  
In its broad immensity.

Pale yet beautiful they bore Him,  
From the cross with tender care,  
And loving hands were folded o'er Him,  
In the garden Sepulchre.  
With linen fine and costly spices,  
They shrouded up His form so wan.  
Amid their burning bursts of sorrow,  
For they loved Him as a Man.  
So, when they saw Him bleed and die,  
That love became a memory.

Utter darkness closed around them,  
 When they laid Him in the tomb,  
 Then a nameless terror bound them.  
 For the day's deed and the gloom  
 Filled their hearts with strange forebodings,  
 Welled in tear-drops from their eyes.  
 They even dreamed not of the morrow.  
 When our blessed Lord would rise.  
 From His dark and hateful grave.  
 Full of life and strong to save.

Darker than the night of Egypt,  
 Eventide came o'er the land,  
 When like a moving wall of iron,  
 March'd along a Roman band.  
 Proud in strength with proven armour,  
 Brave with many a scarf and plume.  
 Marshalled 'neath a Roman Eagle.  
 All to guard one lonely tomb.  
 Where the King of Glory lay.  
 Waiting for the coming day.

The conquering arms of Rome were peerless,  
 Roman pride was good and great,  
 For it made each man the nobler,  
 And the government and state.  
 Mightier from that love of country.  
 Held by soldier, priest and peer.  
 Then the Roman boasted truly,  
 That a Roman knew no fear.  
 Of an earthly foeman's might,  
 In the headlong reeling fight.

Down from Heaven in power descending,  
 Came the Angel of the Lord,  
 Enwraught in fire, with earthquakes rending,  
 The holy ground whereon he trod.  
 All the soldiers strong and daring,  
 Stricken fell in sore dismay,  
 When that bright, Seraphic Being,  
 Rolled the mighty stone away.  
 Veterans scarred with sword and spear,  
 Cowering shrank in deadly fear.

Spite of all the Roman legions,  
    Spite of priestly power and pride,  
Out of Death's dim silent regions,  
    Christ rose at the morning tide.  
Down they laid Him torn and bleeding,  
    The wreck of earth-life's weary load,  
Up He rose in life and beauty,  
    A mighty, living loving God.  
    Whose glory from His body streamed  
    With all the world from Death redeemed.

Christ is risen! Let us clasp Him,  
    With a faith serene and strong,  
Then ours shall be the psalm of triumph,  
    Ours shall be the victor-song,  
Though now we see His glory darkly,  
    Then with earth-mists rolled away,  
Behold Him in glorious beauty,  
    The Light of Heaven's eternal day.  
    Hosanna! for man's direst need,  
    Christ the Lord is risen indeed!

## FRAGMENT.

Glory gleams on human faces.

As they look through Death's dim door.  
There we see some wonderous traces,

Of light from Heaven's eternal shore,  
Touch those faces faint and dying —

A stray gleam from the life immortal.  
Like a quivering sunbeam, prying  
Through the open heavenly portal.

Arrowstraight on he who's nearing,

The mysterious Future-cleaning,  
That we see and that we know not,  
That for whence the Spirit's leaving  
All earth-gatherings few or many—

Earth and every earthly token,  
Love and hate and good and evil,  
When life's mystic band is broken.

Casting living radiance round it—

Light drawing from a source supernal.  
Glowing through weak, fleshy fetters,  
Sits the Infinite Eternal.

In a human soul, just waiting  
Eagle-poised, to be winging  
Up from earth and earthly passions,  
To the realms of joy and singing.

So this Kingly light reflected,

On that waiting soul before ye,  
Lights those fading, dying features  
With that strange and nameless glory,  
Thoughts of pride, or fame, or riches,  
All are lost as we behold it.

And the Saviour's lustrous story,  
Rolls in light as they unfold it.

With a look of that strange gladness,

Carrying light into the darker  
Cells of every human spirit,  
Who beholds the Angel-worker.

Pride of wealth and power and beauty.  
Sing to naught beside the splendor--  
All of earth is dross beside it,  
Save sweet Love, the true and tender.

Then we marvel in our spirits,  
When the spell o'er our feelings.  
Can our earth-lore ever solve it.  
Ere Death comes with his revealings--  
Solve us why that looks of gladness,  
Sent from Christ our Glory-Giver,  
Comes in earth's extremest needings,  
When man's help is lost forever?

## GO SLOW

Go slow, good friend, go slow.  
Whether at work or play.  
Do not fret, and scold and blow.  
The world will last your day.  
Trees are not great in an hour.  
An apple takes months to grow.  
Time brings to perfection the flower.  
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

Go slow, good friend, go slow.  
Was the earth made only for you?  
Other people have rights you know  
To live and be happy too.  
With your tearing and driving ways,  
Which you characterize as "go",  
You but shorten your own and other men's days.  
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

Go slow, good friend, go slow.  
One hundred years from now  
Your bones will be mouldering low  
With the churchyard clay on your brow.  
Your soul will have gone to -- where?  
Wither above or below.  
Nobody left on earth will care.  
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

Go slow, good friend, go slow.  
How will you take it then  
When your spirit is only a peer to those  
You drove on the earth while men?  
Your soul will feel small and mean,  
When you meet them as equals so.  
You will want to creep through a crack, unseen,  
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

Go slow, good friend, go slow.  
 That female employee  
 You ground till death ended her woe,  
 What will her greeting be?  
 What will you say to that boy  
 You badgered to and fro  
 When you meet with him in the "realms of  
 joy"?

Go slow, my friend, go slow.

Go slow, good friend, go slow.  
 You cannot grab all the good.  
 Take your share and give others "A show"  
 For clothing and firing and food.  
 Do not worry and fret and blaspheme.  
 Just quietly "hoe your own row".  
 And when Death comes after life's changing  
 dream,  
 Oh then you'll be glad you went slow.

## IT WILL LIGHT YOU HOME.

(An incident related by the Rev. A.A. Scott, Carleton Place.)

Over the hills when the sun went down,  
The night lay dark with a tempest's frown.  
The pine-trees moaned with a sound like a dirge.  
The river roared through its rocky gorge  
In swirl and foam.  
My host came out and a pine-tree knot glowed  
In his kindly hand to light up the road.  
As he gave the kindly words he said,  
It will light you home."

"Oh, the way is rough through the deep pine wood.  
The river roars in a seething flood.  
The wind is rising, the night is down.  
With the darkness a dread of the strange unknown  
Unto wanderers come!  
The wolf's howl comes from the forest damp,  
The fever-breath from the reeking swamp.  
The vile snakes swarm at the river bend."  
But he pressed the pine-knot close in my hand.  
"It will light you home."

My soul was cheered by his kindly deed.  
My step grew light with a firmer tread.  
Up from my heart sprang a heavy load  
Of dread, as the pine-blaze robbed the road  
Of its fears and gloom.  
Round my forest path still the darkness lay,  
But the torch-light chased all its terrors away,  
The wolves fled far from the moving light.  
The loathsome reptiles crawled out of sight.  
I crossed the stream at a shallow ford  
Far below where its thunder roared.

And the rising wind through the forest-trees  
Became as a song of love to me.  
Now I often think, in these after days,  
Of that kindly man and his simple phrase,  
"It will light you home."



So God's word comes like the pine-knot's  
blaze,  
To light us onward through earth's dim  
Through life's devious paths where danger  
lies  
Like pitfalls hidden from human eyes,  
In the ways we roam.  
Let us keep God's pine-knot in our hands,  
To cheer our way O'er life's desert lands,  
Down to the edge of Death's mystic sea.  
The light will burn clearly and steadily.  
"It will light us home."

JEANIE  
(A Scotch Ballad)

Willie Waters wooed her,  
But her heart was cauld as snaw.  
Though weel the laddie loed her  
She laughed and turned awa.  
She laughed and turned awa.  
An' she joyed to see his pain.  
An' syne held out her milk white hand  
Ti wile him back again.

Oh, but her face was bonnie!  
Her form was fair to see.  
Her siller voice could win ye,  
But the deep glance o' her e'e.  
But the deep glance o' her e'e  
Held the glamor o' the spell  
With which she lured his loving soul,  
An' mocked him when he fell.

She wedded aye for gowd,  
A carriage an' a ha'  
Where liveried servants bowed  
At every wish an' ca'  
At every wish an' ca'  
But, oh, she rued it sair  
Her ain heart was her punishment.  
An' she could thole nae mair.

Puir Willie sair despairin'  
Sune socht another strand  
When he saw the lassie carin'  
Mair for sillar an' for land.  
Than a heart wi' love alicht  
Sae he proved his manhood's nicht,  
An' a brave true life was his,  
In the far-off, gloaming forests,  
Ayont the western seas.

He hewed him out a home  
By a bright Canadian lake.  
'Mang the fragrant smelling pines,  
Where the crystal waters break.  
In a spray of silver sheen on the sand.  
And he brought a blushing bride,  
In the flush of beauty's pride,  
And he quaffed Love's brimming cup from  
her hand,  
She fully filled his life,  
Lover, comrade, friend and wife,  
She healed his heart, and rest  
Stole with sweetness through his breast,  
And life grew one long gladness till  
the end.

## JESUS WEPT

"Jesus Wept." The city lay  
Fair and festive on that day.  
Bright in the sun a hundred spires  
Flashed down their many tinted fires,  
On polished marble, white as snow,  
In palace-wall, or portico.  
And jostling in a merry mood  
Thronged all the moving multitude,  
With hearts as light and gay as when  
Stout Judah's warlike sons were men.

Afar He saw their coming doom,  
Rise through His visions lurid gloom.  
His searching Soul discerned alone  
The walls and pinnacles o'erthrown.  
The blood, the fire, the myriads slain.  
The wounded writhing in their pain.  
The helpless crushed to silence then  
Beneath the rush of fighting men.  
And clear before His Spirit's eye  
In dust He saw the Temple lie.  
No Moses to their rescue came.  
No Joshua with his heart of flame.  
And, leaderless, their old renown  
Before the Roman spears went down.  
He saw where now the gateways stood,  
The grey wolf rear her savage brood.  
The streets which wit and wisdom trod,  
Were Desolation's lone abode.  
Where o'er but Roman legions swept  
With iron feet. So, Jesus wept.

Jesus wept. What sorrow bowed  
His soul among that cheering crowd?  
What did he see, of all the throng  
Who followed him with shout and song?  
He saw the Temple's Inner Shrine  
Deserted by the Fire Divine.  
The Letter of the Law obeyed.

Its Spirit broken, cold and dead,  
He saw the Hebrews scourged and driven  
Through every kingdom under heaven,  
Oppressed of every creed and tribe,  
By savage blow and brutal gibe.  
A nation without land or home,  
Foredoomed in every clime to roam.  
The butt and scorn of every land.  
A prey to every lawless hand.  
Headstrong as all the years went on.  
Reviling God's Almighty Son.  
Still staggering with the Law's dead load.  
Forsaken by their Father's God.  
He saw His great Atonement spurned  
By rebel souls, whose hatred burned  
Not passive, as the fires which glow  
In earth's great heart, nor throb, nor flow.  
But fierce, as that devouring flame  
Which at Elijah's summons came,  
And swept God's challenge Altar-stone.  
When Baal's priests were overthrown,  
He saw through all the coming years  
Their griefs, their trials, and their tears,  
Till their whole race as one shall come  
Like children to their fathers home.

## KEEP HIM DOWN

"He is ruined, the bank has refused his note,  
 Now he is down, keep him down,  
 His flourishing business is "gone to pot."

Now he is down, keep him down.  
 He is not smart in a business way.  
 He is far too honest to make it pay.  
 And he would not shove off the evil day.  
 Now he is down, keep him down.

"He backed a note for a friend. (The fool!)  
 Now he is down, keep him down.  
 And his friend found he had a gullible tool,  
 Now he is down, keep him down.  
 Caution and credit he gave, and lost  
 All that he had, save his honesty's boast.  
 And so the "galoot" is just counting the cost,  
 Now he is down, keep him down."

"Grind him into the very dust.  
 Now he is down, keep him down.  
 Fool that he was to have faith, or trust  
 To man, or friendship, keep him down.  
 Give him no mercy; his want of success  
 Is a sin that the world can pardon less  
 Than even robbing a gold express.  
 Sit on him hard and keep him down."

Alas! that the world's injunction goes  
 "Once a man's down, keep him down."  
 If he is scant of money, and bare of clothes,  
 To sit on him hard and keep him down.  
 It matters not though his heart be true,  
 And his soul be clear as the morning dew.  
 If his prospects be poor, and his dollars few,  
 Just sit on him hard, and keep him down.

The gauge of the world is wealth, not worth.

It matters not whence a Boodlar has flown,

"Society" gives him the best of the earth.

And never attempts to put him down.

The bigger the steal that the scoundrel has made.

The dirtier the trick that the rascal has played,

"Society's" blessing the kindlier is laid.

On the head of the thief, on whom all  
should frown.

There are some whom the world call smart,  
just steal

Their neighbor's money in truth and deed.

And call it a straight, square, business  
"deal".

When the "squeeze" a man in his hour of need.

Honesty unto them is but a name.

And the principle moving their lives is  
the same

Which lands the small thief in repentance  
and shame

In the cell of a prison, and keeps him  
down.

## KEEP THE LIGHTS FOREVER BURNING.

An expression from a sermon by the Rev. A.A. Scott,  
of Carleton Place.

Keep the lights forever burning.  
Night falls darkly on the deep.  
Let the morning's light returning  
Find no watchman lost in sleep.  
Let the lights burn on forever,  
Life is like a rock-bound sea,  
Where many a poor heart's best endeavour  
Is lost for all eternity.

Keep the lights for ever flashing,  
Watchman on the lighthouse tower,  
Beaconing the billows dashing  
On the rocks with mighty power.  
Seaward many a bark is toiling,  
Laden deep for God or Doom,  
Round the black reefs waters boiling,  
Peril them with their driving spume.

Life has many a woe in keeping,  
Snares like hidden quicksands lie  
Smiling like a baby sleeping,  
Strong as iron Destiny,  
Be it yours, Oh Signal Keeper,  
With warning gleam and minute gun,  
To flash your light upon the sleeper  
To waken each unwary one.

Keep the lights forever burning  
With no feeble, faltering ray.  
Till Love's imperial power returning  
Lights evil's darkness up to day.  
Till earth's millennial tongues come raising  
All our souls with their sweet song.  
Watchman keep the signals blazing,  
Watchman light the world along.



## KEEP THE TOUCH

(Soldiers, when wheeling or marching in line, touch forearm to rearm, besides enabling them to keep better distance and dressing, this touch gives confidence and steadiness to new troops.)

Reach out to your neighbor, and feel the  
touch,

Steady my boys, as we march along.  
And ragged Care, with his miser-clutch  
We will drive away with a smile and a  
song.

The pain of life's evil but sweetens its  
good.

The sun goes down in its time at night,  
The darkened sky, like the sorrowful mood,  
Enhances the pleasure of joy and light.

Reach out to your neighbor and feel the  
touch,

It will steady your feet in the miry clay.  
The light of a loving smile can do much  
To help our brothers along life's way.  
Strong you may be, with your muscles of  
steel.

Quick of brain, with a spirit strong,  
If your heart be cold to your neighbor's  
weal

You're a hinderer, and never a helper  
along.

Reach out to your neighbor, and keep the  
touch,

Let your sympathy flow on sinner and  
saint,  
Helping the cripple along with his crutch.  
Cheering the weary and nerving the faint.  
True joy comes after duty done.  
And a god-like duty before you lies.  
For every helpless and stricken one  
Looks unto your strength with beseech-  
ing eyes.

Whether your portion be little or much,  
If your strength be gone ere the goal  
be won,

Reach out to your neighbor, and feel the  
touch,  
There is power, there is life in that  
touch alone.  
God's light will dawn on your darkest fears,  
When sympathy fingers your hand again.  
Then joy will come in the place of tears,  
Then Love will hallow all grinding pain.

But sympathy is 'nt enough, my boy,  
When it comes to the handle of Poverty's  
door.  
It will lighten the grief, it will bright-  
en the joy,  
But it never fed one of God's hungry poor.  
Let your sympathy just take a practical turn.  
With the feeling heart, hold the open palm,  
And the blessing returned to your heart shall  
burn  
Like a sacred fire in storm and calm.

Reach out to your neighbors, my brothers all.  
You never may need the helping hand.  
If your sympathy hinders one mortal to fall,  
Your heart-beats count for a holy end.  
Like a flash o'er the world the touch will go  
From each heated heart winning power  
sublime.  
Till Love's magical circle, complete below,  
Brings on the good Lord's millennial time.



We, with our pure etherial forms,  
But smile at this earth's weak, purly storms,  
How small and feeble, how slow they move,  
By the measure of Spirit storms above.  
These shake our realms with such peerless power,  
Even Voids and Darkness shrink and cower,  
Like quick souls under the passing throes  
Of torture only the spirit knows.  
And the great suns shudder like living things  
At the subtile throb of the storm's wide wings.  
All hearts are darkened with woe, and dread  
Rends every soul as the terrors spread.  
And our shivering forms tost far and near  
Through spaces crowded and black with fear.  
Then we pray for death, or vainly fly  
Torn by unmeasured agony.

When the storm-wave goes from the Great White  
Throne,  
Through the Infinite, Limitless, Dark Unknown.  
Poor Earth but one touch of that terrible might  
Would quench all your life as man quenches a  
light.  
And your ashes would fly like some storm-driven  
bird,  
Through spaces not even by angels explored.  
Through blackness and darkness unseen and un-  
heard.  
All quivering with fear at the breath of the  
lord.  
So your physical forces are naught, for I  
Ride over the winds of the winter sky.  
Away in a moment from pole to pole.  
I'm a Spirit, my name is King Alcohol."

"Then we are foes!" I said "even now  
My heart is ripened with hate to you."

"Nay, Nay, no quarrel," the Spirit said,  
No evil can lighten your sheltered head,  
For the temperance shield shall ever be  
A bulwark sure from mine and me.  
I waited for you till the meeting was o'er,  
For awhile I stood about the door.

But the laugh and the song, and the simple  
prayer  
Drove me away, I never could bear  
A holy word, it wrings my soul  
For the Devil's my father, said Alcohol.  
You want to know why I waited for you.  
I wish to show you a thing or two."

"A truce!" I cried, "though your heart be vile,  
I will suffer your presence a little while."

"You will think it strange," the Fiend began,  
 "I take shape and substance to talk with man.  
 But it is a part of our Spirit laws  
 Given to us by the Great First Cause,  
 That our subtle forms are allowed to assume  
 Material bulk for an hour or so.  
 To walk the earth in the midnight gloom,  
 And hold converse with man below.  
 Call it whim or caprice, whatever it be  
 I give you my hour of liberty.  
 So now I will show you what these bags hold."  
 And he pointed at two great wallets slung  
 On his back, while a smile both wicked and  
 cold  
 Unto his loathsome visage clung.

Unto his loathsome visage clung.

He pulled out the relics one by one.  
I shuddered and sighed. He laughed with glee,  
As first of all from his bag was drawn,  
And held in the moonlight that I might see,  
The soul of a priest, deep-stained and red,  
With the juice of the grape in hideous guise,  
A parricide's hand clenched hard and stiff,  
That had quenched life's light in a father's  
eyes.

The rope which a suicide's life had reft,  
The axe which a brother's scull had cleft,  
The dagger with which a drunken wife  
Had taken away her husband's life,  
The white cap which the hangman draw  
On the face of the wretch who dies under the  
Law.

Were trifles, which Alcohol laughingly showed,  
As we tramped together the wintry road.

79.

A rusty cutlass all bloody and bare,  
Which had taken the life of a helpless child.  
And the silken lock of a maiden's hair,  
Who was held in a madhouse raging wild.  
Then he took from his wallet a ghastly head,  
And smiling grimly, he softly said,  
"This head, though now it is cold and dumb,  
Was my dear disciple's, made rich by rum.  
There was one whom he ruined and lured to his  
doom.

Through revenge one night stole into his room,  
And slew the poor sinner while he lay  
Dreaming of honors not far away.  
But the villian for that great trespass gave  
His life to the law for a prison-grave,  
Aye! weep and shiver. Aye! scowl and lour!  
All this was the work of my master-power.  
You send the gospel to heathen lands,  
While your brother and sister before me bends  
In heartfelt worship. Your holiest shrine  
Is under the heel of me and mine.

My soul grew sick as he laughed in glee ,  
And said "here is something else to see."  
As he drew from a pouch near his cold hard  
heart,  
And gave me a photographic carte.

I stood by the lamplight and looked thereon.  
The figures moved, or seemed to move,  
I thought I heard each word and tone,  
In anger, or reproach, or love,  
The view was that of a drunkard's home.  
A fireless stove and a wretched room.  
In a corner a litter of rotten hay  
Was the only bed, where a woman lay.  
A dying mother! Around her prest  
Five hungry children, and one at her breast.  
They asked for bread, and the look of woe  
That convulsed her face was piteous. Oh,  
The untold agony of that look was far too deep  
For tears. As there her little children,  
With their cold, half-naked forms,

In supplicating attitudes asked the mother  
For the bread she could not give them.

In another corner lay the husband and the  
sire,  
Sleeping away the sickness of last night's  
debauch,

When he awoke the tavern echoes,  
And spent the means which should have bought  
His children bread. There he was praised  
Among his associates, as an open-handed  
fellow.

While at home in hunger, nakedness and cold,  
His dying wife and starving children  
Tried, in vain, to sleep and so, forget  
their misery.

Now there he lay, far lower than a beast.  
And there his little starvings  
Cried for bread in vain.

I could look no more, my heart was stirred  
In anger at what I had seen and heard,  
And I ground the carts in the very earth.  
Then the Deemon's wild hilarious mirth  
Harsh and hollow and strident grew,  
As he handed to me another view.  
And that, I shudder still, as I tell,  
was a photograph of the gate of Hell.

The way was lit by lurid flame,  
With deep dark caves on every hand,  
And from each black recess there came,  
With stealthy steps, a sable band.  
Bat-like forms, with flapping wings.  
Horrid-looking shapes and Things  
From gloom and space, both low and high,  
In the misty gloaming flitted by.  
And over the port on a shining dome  
Was written, "The Drunkard's Final Home."

The road was thronged with fast hurrying  
men,  
Elbowing in from life's fevered race.  
As if seeking shelter in that weird den.  
But the hopeless anguish on every face  
Will haunt me till my dying day.  
Ever they pressed through the dusty way.  
Inwards they pushed through the brazen gates.

81.

Onward they came in a sweltering crowd,  
Raving, or groaning, or shrieking aloud.  
Cursings of God and their wayward fates.  
In blasphemy rang through the sultry air,  
With the frenzied cries of wild despair.  
As inwards they came through the flame or the gloom  
To meet the drunkard's woeful doom.

I gave him the carte with a tear in my eye.  
Then the great Fiend mocked at my Sympathy.  
Yet he showed me many wondrous things,  
Of which I may hereafter speak.  
But yet, their horror round me clings,  
Unmans my soul and pales my cheek.

He said, and the wind that went moaning by,  
Gave music befitting his monody.  
"I'm the greatest conqueror earth has known.  
I look over the world and call it my own.  
I bond with shackles of steel and fire,  
The freeborn son and his princely sire,  
From the land of the Ice King's polar throne  
To the burning belt of the torrid zone,  
I claim my victims from every clime,  
And every generation, Time  
But binds them faster to me and mine.

They cannot although they would be free.  
I laugh at the wisest and mock his lore,  
I make him mine ere his life is o'er.  
I lay my strong hand on the mightiest brain.  
I have stilled their great throbbings again and  
again.

Genius and learning and power go down.  
In ruin before my blood-red throne.

"I'm the truest leveler earth can boast.  
Each man is but a man to me.  
From the Alpine peak to the sea-beat coast.  
I claim my victims from each degree.  
From the King who sits on his gorgeous throne,  
In gold and purple and ermine clad.  
To the Beggar who tramps about unknown.  
Seeking his crust of daily bread.  
The proud king drinks of the kingly wine,







MANITOBA  
(A Summer Song)

I love to hear the swelling note  
Of some grand, old, patrician hymn.  
I love the organ tones which float  
Down through some chancel, grey and dim.  
I love the simple lullaby  
The mother croons so soft and low  
To hush the baby on her knee,  
And soothe away its infant woe.

But sweeter far the chastened lay,  
which rises on some dewy morn.  
The Robin singing blithe and gay,  
The grey-bird piping in the corn,  
When all the prairie winds are stilled,  
Then rings the chorus soft and free,  
And every cup and bell is filled  
With music from the droning bee.

Around our feet all pearly with dew  
The spears of grass wave o'er the wold.  
Where star-flowers peep in every hue  
Of royal purple, red or gold.  
Where motley-clad the insects creep,  
And love, or hate, and sing, or groan.  
Through sunny or gloomy deep,  
A humming world, but all their own.

From far away, the goshawk's cry  
Comes quavering in a minor tone,  
And ere its mournful plaint can die,  
The curlew's wail rolls sadly on,  
While down from heaven in volumes rare  
The larks sweet matin pours along,  
Till even the very trembling air  
Is dancing to the throbs of song.

Our souls with high-born thoughts are filled  
From draughts of Nature's nectared wine,  
Till every kindling nerve is thrilled,  
That even to live is joy divine.  
Then high o'er earth on wings of praise  
Man's softened spirit gladly soars  
To see afar the morning-rays  
From perfect Joy's celestial shores.



When the strength of the strong is uplifting  
   the weak,  
 When wealth dries the tear upon poverty's  
   cheek,  
 Oh, we'll make this old world bound up to the  
   sky  
 With Love for our lever, my neighbor and I.

My neighbors are all of the men who stand  
 In life's great battle-rank, on the sea, or  
   the land,  
 Who toil with the hammer, the pen or the  
   plow,  
 With the sweat of the brain, or the sweat of  
   the brow.  
 Who earn their bit bread in the day or the  
   night,  
 And sturdily keep up the grand old fight  
 To leave this old world when we're laid on  
   our shelves

Hurrah for our neighbors! Let us speak the  
   kind word  
 Which the shepherds at Bethlehem first fit-  
   tingly heard.  
 Let our deeds tell the love which we feel  
   when dispair  
 Tugs strong at his heartstrings and whitens  
   his hair.  
 Let us give him our hands when misfortune or  
   gloom  
 Come to darken his soul like a breath from the  
   tomb

Hurrah for my neighbor! Each rich and poor  
   neighbor  
 Each hard-handed neighbor, though he stand,  
   or he fall.  
 In pain, grief, or labor, let us cherish our  
   neighbor,  
 Till earth be like heaven to one and to all.

NEVER KICK A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.  
(An old adage.)

The life of a man is all pittings and kicks,  
From the hour he is born till he crosses the styx.  
Mishaps and mischances and changes befall.  
Now he rises in might, now he's knocked to the wall,  
Blown up like a bladder, by wealth, he grows proud,  
As he gloats o'er the heads of the envious crowd,  
To-day he rides brave on prosperity's wave,  
To-morrow he sinks in despair to his grave.  
Now though fortune may smile, or adversity frown.  
My son, never kick at a man when he's down.

Old Time's whirligig brings strange changes around,  
The beggar leaps up to great wealth at a bound.  
The millionaire sinks like a poor shrivelled leaf.  
The thief turns repentant, the saint turns a thief.  
The sinner mounts high on the rostrum to preach,  
The knave helps the neighbour he tried to o'er  
reach.

The things we had planned for go crooked and wrong,  
And the strange, unexpected comes oftenest along.  
Yet remember through all things true Charity's  
crown,  
And never, my boy, kick a man when he's down.

Our short lives are full of strange corners and  
turns,  
But seldom the truth of Life's lesson man learns,  
We grab at earth's wealth through the pain and  
the moan,  
Till our hearts grow as hard as the hether mill-  
stone,  
Through fraud oft, and meanness, chicanery and lies,  
Forgetting forever, life's principle prize,  
Lies not in the wealth we are sinning to hoard,  
But in charity, meekness and Faith in the Lord.  
Success like a football is here and now there  
Sometimes low on the ground, sometimes high in  
the air.  
Keep your kicks for the ball ere your chances  
have flown  
And watch that you kick at no man when he's down.

It is change, ever change for the things of  
this earth,  
Now sorrow and weeping, then laughter and  
mirth,  
The years of man's life in the light or the  
gloom,  
Are but milestones which mark out his path to  
the tomb.  
The birth and the bridal, the day and the  
night,  
Are but symbols of Time in its swallow-like  
flight  
The feast in the palace, the crust in the  
den  
Are but pictures of states and conditions  
of men.  
Though all things be changing of earth and  
of time,  
God's truth stands eternal, unshaken,  
sublime,  
Hold fast by its principles make them your  
own,  
And your soul will just smile if men kick  
when you're down.

## OUR COUNTRY

The dweller in the South may love  
His gorgeous fruits and flowers,  
His fronded palms, his spreading limes,  
His fragrant orange bowers.  
But, oh, give me the solemn pines,  
The dark fir woods for me,  
And the crystal lakes  
Where the white wave breaks  
Like a surge of the northern sea.

No ruined shrines are here to mark  
Where former nations trod.  
No martyr's sculptured tombs to tell  
Of faith in Christ as God.  
No old cathedral's solemn gloom,  
No stately palace towers,  
Where harpers sang,  
Or wassail rang,  
Bedeck this land of ours.

There's freedom in our northern air.  
Our souls are all our own.  
And though no tinselled pomp we wear,  
We own no despot's throne,  
We love our dear Canadian land  
With a love that ne'er grows cold.  
And freemen breathe  
In peace beneath  
Our beaver-banner fold.

They say our land is bleak and cold.  
That frost-king reigns alone  
And binds the rivers, lakes and springs  
With ice-chains to his throne.  
That the hurricanes go wildly past,  
Snow-laden as they go.  
That the land lies deep  
In a death-like sleep.  
Neath a frozen shroud of snow.



Loud, loud, we laugh at the roaring blast,  
When white King winter comes.  
And the whirling storm careering past  
Makes mirth in our forest homes.  
There's health and joy in our bracing air  
That southern climes ne'er know,  
Though the land gleams white  
Through the winter night,  
There's life neath the shroud of snow.

We love the flash that the snow-reath fling,  
When the dull night flies away.  
Then the cutter bounds like a bird on the  
wing,  
And the soft bells ring on the sleigh.  
To love the sound of the skater's steel  
On the frozen river and mere  
And the booming moan  
Of the curling stone  
Our northern hearts hold dear.

The joyous summer brings us flowers,  
With a wealth of soft green leaves.  
A laughing harvest-time is ours  
To garner in the sheaves,  
With all the bounteous gifts bestowed  
By Mother Nature's hand.  
Then the sunlight gleams,  
In golden streams,  
Blessing the whole sweet land.

I would not change this northern land,  
For the land of orange groves.  
Where the lime and the citron sweetly bend  
O'er the cooing turtle doves.  
I would not change these northern blasts  
For India's spicy breeze.  
For health is here,  
And joy is near.  
And there is love in the forest trees.

91.

There is life and power in this land of ours.

A pledge for the coming years.

There is mind and soul in our forest-bowers,

Strengthened through toil and tears.

Fair, through the mists of the future time,

Behold! Our Country stands.

The first in might,

In wealth, in light,

Made so by her children's hands!



The lord of the castle one summer day  
 Gazed over his broad lands three leagues away.  
 His Norman heart grew great in his pride  
 As he looked o'er the barony, fertile and wide,  
 The young lambs skipped in their glee and played.  
 The dun deer browsed in the shadowy glade.  
 Silent the river flowed, slow and wide,  
 With the kine knee-deep in its glassy tide.  
 The old stone church and the hamlet grey  
 Lay peacefully bathed in a sunny ray.  
 The cornlands smiled 'neath the golden load  
 Of wheat they bore on their furrows broad.  
 And over the greenery the heifer-bells  
 Came tinkling up from the woodland dells.  
 Blurred by the distance the oak-trees dim  
 Held up on their fingers the sky's blue rim.  
 The Baron thus mused, "Of these lands I am Lord.  
 They were won by my fathers, with spear and with

sword,

The farms and the fallows, the fenland and hill,  
 All minister unto my pleasure and will.  
 The fish in the river, the fowl in the air,  
 I own as my birthright, and no man can dare  
 To challenge my claim to this lordship of mine,  
 While the green grass grows and the sunbeams shine.  
 The people all live at my will on the land.  
 Their destinies I hold in the palm of my hand.  
 They cringe in their hearts at my beck or my  
 nod,

And quake at my frown as the frown of a god."

Death, the Omnipotent, came that night,  
 Then the face of the baron grew set and white.  
 His hands convulsed and the red froth spued,  
 From his quivering mouth, while the sweat  
 which dewed

His clammy forehead, his sobbing breath,  
 All heralded the approach of Death.  
 His form grew rigid, his eye grew dim,  
 Then the pride of this world was over for him.



## SHILOH

(Supposed to be the utterance of a pure, patriotic Jew, such as was Nathaniel)

We thought the Messiah to Israel would come  
With flying of banner and rolling of drum,  
With hosts of glad freemen all following His train  
Till the hills of Judea re-echoed again  
With the shouts of our brothers by Jehovah made  
free,  
From Dan to Beer-sheba and blue Gallilee.  
All-powerful in numbers, all-powerful in might.  
All-wise in the Council, all-valiant in fight.

We had dreamed, we had trusted, that Israel  
restored  
To the favor and love of Jehovah, the Lord,  
Would rise to the express of earth and of sea  
Beloved and belighted, Oh, Father by Thee.  
That the power should return unto Judah alone,  
That the Shiloh should sit for our King on  
the throne,  
And the Glory returned to our land should remain  
Undimmed through the ages-unbroken again.

We thought the Deliverer would come in His might,  
With angels and chariots, all flashing and  
bright,  
In brave armour gleaming with gold and with gems,  
with swords on their thighs, and with rich  
diadems.  
With lion-like faces, with eyes all aflame,  
And hearts that Jehovah-Jah only could tame.  
That the Shiloh should march at the head of  
the throng  
With trumpet and herald, with timbrel and song.  
That kings should come in from the uttermost  
earth,  
with homage and gifts for the land of our birth.

We had dreamed when the Shiloh, the Sent of the  
Lord,  
Had come with the sceptre, the scales and the sword.

Like the hosts of Sennachrib, by God's mighty  
breath,  
That our chains would be rent by the power  
of the Lord,  
And our foemen destroyed by the Voice of His  
word.  
That the Shiloh should ride over heaps of  
the slain  
To sit on the throne of His Father again.  
Who had dreamed of the Temple uprising on  
high  
Till its pinnacles pierced through the dome  
of the sky.  
Of the angels descending on pathways of gold,  
As they did unto Jacob at Bethel, of old.  
That the horns of the Altar should shield  
the forlorn,  
That the offerings should comfort the hun-  
gry and worn.  
That the Holy of Holies be freed from all  
stain,  
And the Glory should fill the Sekinah again.  
We had dreamed of Jerusalem, the Queen of  
the earth,  
The centre of light, love, of learning and  
worth,  
Inspiring the patriot, the Bard's glorious  
themes.  
(Alas! that hour high hopes have only been  
dreams)  
Of the merchants o'erflowing our courts and  
our ways,  
With homage and wonder, with love and with  
praise.  
Of their commerce all filling our high  
favoured land  
From Indus, from Egypt, and Albion's white  
strand.  
He came at the time God appointed, We knew  
That His Word through the Mouth of His  
prophets was true.  
But He came not, as warriors come, armed for  
the fray,  
With his buckler and spear set in warlike  
array.  
No battle-light gleamed in His face or His  
eyes.

97.

But love all-abiding and tenderness shone  
On His face like a woman's We followed Him on  
Through the vineyards and fields, o'er the lake  
and the hill,  
Where we heard His glad voice and kept following  
still,  
Still listening with joy to His accents so low  
Upon Jordan's green banks, or Mount Olivet's brow.

His fame went abroad o'er the seas and the lands,  
Men waited and watched with their spears in their  
hands,  
All the land listened long His rallying cry  
To smite down the Roman in battle, or die.  
But His voice was as low as the coo of a dove.  
Welling out from His great heart in kindness  
and love.  
Though the deeds which He did by His word or His  
nod,  
Betokened the Presence and Power of a God.  
Yet He gave Himself up to the scourge and the  
thorn,  
The mantle of mockery, the finger of scorn.  
They clamored like wolves, around Pilate, their  
hate  
was black as the midnight which hung o'er the  
gate.  
And long ere the morning had dawned in its  
bloom  
Both Priest and Proconsul had spoken His doom.  
So they led Him away to the death of a slave,  
Through the curse of the coward and lie of the  
knave.

The earth groaned in anguish, the face of the sun  
Was hidden in shame, while that dark deed was done.  
Full nature all shuddered in terror that day,  
When Man reft the life of his Maker away.  
Woe, woe unto Israel, the Shiloh is slain!  
Woe, woe to my country hope's visions are vain!  
Dispersed and degraded for ever we'll be!  
Died, Jesus of Nazareth, our Nation with Thee!

The great hopes of Israel lay lowly beside  
The martyred Redeemer that black eventide.  
When they sealed up the stone on that grim rocky  
tomb,



And left Him to silence, corruption and gloom.

The darkness lay twice on the hills, but the  
light  
Rose up in its power from the bosom of Night.  
Then that glorified grave on the morning  
gave birth  
To the Light which has gladdened the heaven  
and earth.

The struggle was ended, Death bowed his grim  
head,  
When the Conqueror of Evil rose up from the  
dead.  
No more earthly king from his sepulcher stole,  
With the woes of humanity heaped on his soul.  
No crusher of nations, his garments all dyed  
In the blood of the vanquished to pamper his  
pride.  
But a God He came forth without stain or  
disguise  
With the light of Eternity firing His eyes.  
With gifts for the nations all ripe in His  
hands,  
Salvation's great boon for all times and all  
lands.  
He gave us, not pomp with its tinsel'd array,  
Nor the might of a monarch, which lasts but  
a day.  
He gave us, not lands, nor of warrior renown,  
But the life of immortals--a palm and a crown.  
Great Lion of Judah! Descend in Thy might,  
And breathe on my soul with Thy Spirit of  
Light!  
Oh, free me from fetters more galling than  
those  
That are clenched on our limbs by our  
merciless foes!  
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth! Oh, let me be dyed  
In the torrent which flowed from Thy spear-  
riven side.  
Till my soul be as white as the foam of the  
sea  
To fit me for living forever with Thee!



Are the words and the tones they will use to  
condemn  
Perhaps, some poor thief, by grim want  
overcome.  
If he steal but a loaf which belonged to  
them.

For his starving wife and his babes at home.  
But all of them do not their duty shirk.  
There is many a brave unfaltering band  
who have stopped and stripped to the holy work,  
In the towns and cities all over the land.

God help the poor with their pain and woe!  
God help the rich in their riches proud!  
God save the great ones whose hearts o'er  
flow  
with pity and love to the common crowd!  
Who struggle and toil to the grave's dark  
edge,  
Where they laugh and fight, and weep and  
sin,  
Till Death steals up to its crumbling ledge,  
With an unseen blow he thrusts them in.

TAKE A REST.  
Slang Term.

The world is full of fierce scramblers for wealth  
Which they pay for with conscience, contentment and  
health.

Piling dollar on dollar till their souls grow as  
poor

As the rags of the Lazarus, who beg at your door.  
Defrauding the body and worrying the brain  
With the lust of the lucre--the greed of the gain.  
Gathering up with their muck-rakes the dimes and  
pence.

Now who'll care one copper a hundred years hence?  
"Take a Rest."

Through ways that are sordid and "flukes" that are  
mean,  
They pick up the dollars both dirty and clean.  
Yet through cool calculation and cheekiest "nerve"  
Keep out of the prison their actions deserve.  
But God weighs all deeds done in light or in gloom,  
Holds the credit and debit in the Ledger of Doom,  
Will properly place them at what they are worth,  
With the snear-theives, pickpockets, and scum of  
the earth.

"Take a Rest".

Though their eyes may turn up with a meek pious  
stare

Though they're glib in "exhorting", or "Powerful"  
in prayer,  
Though their hats may be glossy, their linen be  
white.

And their faces like dollars be shining and bright  
If some lone widow trusts them and leans on a reed  
If some poor orphan's portion for his daily bread,  
Be lost through their selfishness, fraud, or deceit,  
They're as mean as the pilferers who steal on the  
street.

"Take a Rest."

They may "skin" the poor farmer in buying his  
grain,  
And fondly imagine their souls take no stain.  
They may rob him with interest on binder and  
plow.  
Or cheat him in trade with a horse or a cow.  
They may harry the stranger by "salting" a  
mine,  
Or legally steal by a limber combine.  
They may say it is business, but say what they  
will  
Evil stinks through a name, and shows up evil  
still.  
For no man can whiten dishonor or shame.  
It is stealing! Aye stealing! whatever its  
name.  
And up self-accused with its sin-bitten load,  
Flies the soul of the deed to the Footstool of  
God.

"Take a Rest! now and ponder this well,  
That both deed and intent at God's judgement  
will tell.  
That the gatherings of wealth, even honestly  
won,  
Are as weeds from a thrasher, when earth's life  
is done.  
That Death comes to all men, both plebian and  
peer,  
In the high flush of hope or the swelter of  
fear.  
That the soul who goes naked defiled by sins  
stain,  
From the wrongs done on earth, bearing sorrow  
and pain.  
Shall creep shivering and hunted along his  
dark road.  
Through the limitless Ages and Spaces of God.  
Ever seeking for rest.

Through the blackness of darkness, in silence,  
alone,  
Pursued by Strange Terrors over regions unknown.  
Every deed which was evil, of sin with its  
shame  
Burning deep through his heart in great letters  
of flame  
Around cycles of Ages, uncounted, unspanned,

103.

With no sweet ray of Hope his misery to end,  
But in anguish and bitterness hunted and driven,  
Through the Paths of the Storm from the trail-  
ways of Heaven,  
Vainly longing for Rest.

#### PRAYER.

We ask for a blessing and swithering stand  
With a doubting soul and an empty hand.  
The lukewarm prayer and the boon denied  
Follow each other like moon and tide,  
So, our hearts are ever unsatisfied.



THE BATTLE OF ABRAHAM HEIGHTS  
(A Canadian Ballad)

Yea it was a fight well won,  
But fiercely fought, my little Son.  
You want to hear the stirring tale,  
Charging cheer and dying wail,  
And the final overthrow  
Of our gallant fighting foe.

We were lying in our boats  
Moving with the ebbing tide,  
Where the broad St. Lawrence floats,  
The drift-wood on St. Genieve's side.  
Towering banks above us stood  
Clothed with tangled underwood.

It was a bright but moonless night.  
Cheered only by the soft starlight.  
We waited but the landing word,  
Yet no man spoke, and no man stirred.  
Boats ahead, astern, abeam,  
Drifting slowly down the stream,  
The gunwales near awashing then,  
Deep-laden with brave hearted men.  
With twice eight hundred hearts aglow  
As we drifted to and fro.  
Each held his musket to his knee,  
Firm-clutched in that intensity  
Of feeling held in stern control  
Which stirred each nameless hero's soul.  
(While leagues below the cannon roared,  
And from our fleet the round shot poured  
Upon the palisaded fort  
An' battled lines around Beaufort.)

Out in the stream a sloop lay moored,  
With General Wolfe, a guest, on board.  
The leader whom we loved always  
To follow close won battle days.



At last his wished for signal came.  
 Two little points of silver flame,  
 Up on the topmast towering high,  
 Like twin-stars in the deep blue sky.  
 Silent the boat keels grazed the strand.  
 Like spectres all we touched the land.  
 Ahead the leaders, picked and tried,  
 Scaled the steep bank's slippery side.  
 Upward sloped a little route,  
 Smaller than a fox's trail.  
 Above we heard their sentries shout,  
 And the answer to the hail.  
 "Qui Vie?", was the challenge cry.  
 "La France!" came the quick reply.

I was a junior captain, then.  
 In the Fraser Highlandmen.  
 I led the way, my company  
 Climbed foot to foot, and knee to knee.  
 Hard by a plashing cascade drowned,  
 And deadened every tell-tale sound,  
 Until we gained the plateau, when  
 we halted and reformed the men.

We saw the tents of Vergor loom  
 Like sheet ghosts amid the gloom.  
 Our leader gave the word, and, lo!  
 Like lightning we were on the foe.  
 One volleying flash, which shamed the sun.  
 A clash of steel, then all was done.  
 As the weak outpost broke in flight.  
 And vanished through the darkening night,  
     The morning broke both wet and grey,  
     When up the narrow slipping way,  
     The redcoat troops, with toil and pain,  
     Debouched across the battle-plain.

Oh, 'twas a glorious sight to see  
 That columned British Infantry!  
 To mark their eagle looks and hear  
 Their rolling drums with cheer on cheer.

They formed into their battle-line  
 With firey ardor in the shine  
 Of martial pomp, In front Wolfe rode,  
 His face transfigured like a god.  
 That glorious scene, I'll ne'er forget.  
 It makes my blood bound faster yet!

Sudden, o'er a rocky height,  
 While we stood in line below,  
 We beheld the lilies white  
 Of the swift advancing foe.  
 Veteran soldiers trained to fight  
 In every European land.  
 Men of valor and of might,  
 Strong of heart, and quick of hand.  
 The battle, files of languor;  
 Sarres white-clad battalion,  
 Were marching to the battle shock  
 Brigaded with Rousillion.  
 The high-soul'd soldiers of Bearn.  
 Gaonne fifteen hundred strong.  
 The Frenchmen made a brave assay,  
 But they had met a conquering foe.  
 With reddening steel we forced our way.  
 And pushed them back, or laid them low.  
 Mid shrieks and cheers and moaning cries  
 Of triumphs, or of agonies.  
 Again and yet again, they tried  
 To win the ground they lost before.  
 Their fresh battalions forward hied.  
 On, onward still our redcoats pressed,  
 And all along their shrinking line  
 We pushed them harder, breast to breast,  
 Mid fire and smoke, and flash and shine  
 Of steel, until their bravest men  
 Reeled back before our bayonettes then.

A rush -- a rain of balls -- a shout.  
 With furious thrust and sweeping blow,  
 Our stormers climbed their grand redoubt.  
 And turned the cannon on the foe.

The fight was won. Their boldest quailed  
Before that withering, iron storm.  
All instincts of obedience failed.  
Battalions lost both place and form.  
Their leaders pleaded, swore and prayed  
But all in vain; each crushed brigade  
Became a frantic rabble, lost  
To every sense but that of fear.  
How to escape that charging host,  
And storm of bullets in their rear.

That seething, rushing, human tide  
In vehement haste to reach the town,  
Cared naught for comrades by their side,  
But trampled one another down,  
With imprecations deep and loud.  
Gnashing their teeth in rage and hate.  
They fled, a broken sweltering crowd  
To win the shelter of the gate.

In that wild headlong flight, when all  
Was lost, a soldier loves the best,  
A chance directed musket-ball  
Pierced General Montcalm through the breast.  
The fight was over, lost and won.  
(It was no barren victory).  
Before the rising morning sun  
Half reached the zenith of the sky.



Then the hungry bairns and the old folks will be  
                                   fed till their hearts are strong  
 And the poorest rejoicing in gladness be blessing  
                                   the Binder's song.

We may stand in the blaze of the battle, in front  
                                   of the fighting line,  
 And toil for the brave old Empire, that Mother  
                                   of your's and mine.  
 We may faint and bleed for our Country under its  
                                   wide-spread skies,  
 In the face of the hostile nations wherever our  
                                   banner flies.  
 But behind all our fighting forces whether on  
                                   sea or land,  
 Upholding the Empire's Honor, the man with the  
                                   Binder stand.  
 And the man who stands by the Binder winning  
                                   the harvest-yield,  
 Is as truly an Empire-saver as the man who  
                                   fights in the field.

When the khaki battalions extended, are barring  
                                   the path of the foe,  
 When the hate of the nations has blended their  
                                   powers for our Mother's o'erthrow  
 When our grey battle-ships ride a-facing the fleets  
                                   of a world at bay,  
 When the envy of Europe has mustered its powers  
                                   for the one-sided fray,  
 Then we stand up alone and ungrudging give fight  
                                   to the hatred they hold,  
 Through the storm and the stress and the evil,  
                                   repeating our victories of old,  
 You may listen to the battle come sounding adown  
                                   on the howl of the wind,  
 But upbearing the souls of the fighters, the  
                                   Binder comes close in behind.  
 When the great guns are roaring in triumph, in  
                                   the hour we are riding down Wrong.  
 When the need and the nerve for the issue depend  
                                   on the Binder's Song.

111.

THE BRINGING UP OF THE LAST GUNS AT LUDY'S LANE.

The roads were rough  
Where we heard the fight.  
The hills loomed high in the level sun.  
But our nags were tough,  
And our spirits light,  
As we galloped ahead of each rattling gun.

The flowers looked up  
Through the grass and smiled  
To the dusty hurrying steeds and men.  
The brooks sang soft  
As the song of a child,  
And the pond frogs piped from the reeds in the fen.

Near and nearer  
The tumult we drew,  
Till we heard the sharp bugles sing frequent and  
shrill.

And clear from an upland  
There rose on our view  
The smoke of the battle just over the hill.

Then whip and spur  
For our country's needs  
To strike for freedom and fair renown.  
The foam flakes flew  
From our eager steeds,  
As they strained at their traces in galloping down.

But our tumbrils sunk  
In the swampy clay.  
We eased them with many a tug and strain.  
While over the swells  
Scarce a mile away  
The cheers and the volleys rang out again.

From a coppice dun  
To the westward spread,  
The American bullets pinged round us now.  
They pitted each gun  
With stains of lead,  
As we hauled at the wheels in the swamp below.

Now and anon  
 Would a comrad reel  
 Beside his gun, with a choking sigh.  
 Our hearts grew stone,  
 But our souls grew steel,  
 And we prayed for revenge when we saw them  
 die.

A galloper came  
 On a jet-black horse,  
 Down from the General to urge us on.  
 A spout of flame,  
 The man was a corpse,  
 And the black steed scurried away alone.

We strove like beavers  
 To raise the wheels.  
 We were six to each gun in the place of  
 ten.  
 With chains and levers,  
 With hands and heels,  
 We worked like giants instead of men.

Away! Away!  
 We were gone at last.  
 Oh, sweet to our hearts did that moment  
 come,  
 When we drew our reins  
 To the trumpet-blast,  
 And the stirring roll of the rallying-  
 drum!

Low lay the sun,  
 As we gained the swell,  
 And fell in line with the battery there,  
 Then hot and fast  
 Went shot and shell,  
 Like a hell of fire through the summer air.

Into the hedges,  
 Over the ridges,  
 Out through the gaps of the old forest  
 trees,  
 Our great shot went booming.  
 Shells screamed through the glooming,  
 Of grey battle-smoke ere it rose on the  
 breeze.

113.

Twenty times  
Did their stormers try  
To win the guns on that low hill crown.  
Ever they came  
On gallantly,  
But twenty times we swept them down.

With grape and shrapnel  
Our guns were plied.  
And our linemen's volleys went thick as hail,  
Till their dead lay close  
On the meadow side,  
And the grass grew crimson through all the vale.

Red sunk the sun.  
The gloaming grey  
Crept down like a benison from on high,  
But battle-hate  
In our hot hearts lay,  
And glowed in the fire of each burning eye.

Deep darkness fell,  
Yet no respite came,  
And ever the fight went fiercer on  
We could place the foe  
By the streaks of flame  
Out from their long lines redly thrown.

Our hearts grew exultant  
The wilder it grew,  
Till the souls of the dullest were fully awake.  
Oh, that rapture supremest  
That man ever knew,  
Then dying was joy for our country's sake.

Canada's handful  
Like sea-isles were set,  
Facing the storm we had beaten before.  
With falterless hearts  
Their great columns we met,  
And rolled them away like the surf from the shore.

The moon uprose.  
Its silver light  
Shone fitful through thick smoke wreath.  
Lit pain-writhed faces,  
Ghastly white,  
And kissed the sleepers still in death.



We prayed and fought,  
 And held our own,  
 Yet linked our prayers with Drummond's name.  
 name.

But many a stalwart  
 Soul went down  
 The trail of Death, ere Drummond came.

Drummond came,  
 When the midnight moon  
 Went sailing into the midnight sky.  
 And the cheers which rose  
 On the night's high moon,  
 were augurs of coming victory.

With levelled bayonets,  
 Our whole line leapt,  
 In a headlong charge on the waiting foe.  
 A deadlier storm  
 From our cannon swept  
 Their crowded ranks with a withering blow.

A mightier charge.  
 A mightier cheer  
 As their wavering bayonets crossed our own.  
 God nerved our arms,  
 For our land so dear.  
 One short, sharp fight, and their front  
 went down.

Then panic came,  
 Like a great flood-tide  
 Fear filled their hearts in a mighty flow.  
 And fast they fled  
 On every side  
 Levies and veterans,  
 Trained and tried,  
 Melted away like the summer-snow.

The quiet moon,  
 Still calmly tost,  
 Its spears of light on the land below.  
 Heedless of battle  
 Won or lost.  
 Charging friend, or flying foe.

115.

Greater than all  
The spoils we won,  
From our faltering, flying foe's hand,  
God's peerless prize  
For the brave alone,  
Freedom for our Canadian land.

Alas! Alas!  
That our Nation's Pride  
Should be crimson-hued by the blood of her brave,  
That the glory for which  
Her sons have died,  
Was won o'er the sword of a bloody grave.

## THE CRAZED LASSIE

A bonnie, bonnie, lassie, lassie,  
 Gaed wanderin' oot alane.  
 Her features was an' wasted,  
 Wore a look o' woe an' pain.  
 But her wild e'e rowed an' glittered  
 Wi' a strange an' flickerin' licht.  
 Now cowed an' soft, now flashin' pu  
 Li' anger or wi' fricht.  
 Her brown locks fell in ringlets ower  
 Her neck o' shapely mould.  
 The sunlight glinted 'many her hair  
 Like threads o' ruddy gold.  
 God's finger-mark was on her brow,  
 Her reasoning soul was gane.  
 An' a' love's licht for her burnt low.  
 She was his stricken wean.  
 An' aye like fairy melody  
 Her mavis-voice ootrang.  
 Now swellin' high, now sinkin' low,  
 This was the song she sang.  
  
 "The corbie crawled at midnight  
 Frae the auld kirk wa'.  
 An' mony a shimmerin' deid-light  
 Danced ower moss an' law.  
 The howlets wi' ill-bodin' soun'  
 Cared a' the winds re-echo roun'  
 The kelpie skirled oot loudly  
 To the Spirit o' the Tree.  
 The fairies laughed fu' rudely,  
 When Willie gaed frae me.  
 Noo he lies deep down i' the ocean, there,  
 Where the weeds an' the sea-flowers 'ill  
 tangle his hair.  
 Where the mermaid 'ill mirror her form i'  
 his e'e,  
 Awa, deep doon i' the azure sea."  
 "I cared nae for the screamin'  
 O' the Spirits at that hour  
 When Willie's smile was beamin'  
 Lichting up our little bower.  
 Though the eerie earth was quaking  
 Wi' the din the ghosts were making.

117.

When his shallop sped oot lightly  
The skirls grew wild wi' glee.  
The deid lights beamed mair brightly  
When Willie gaed frae me,  
As the plach o' his oars brak the lown, lown  
The Shapes o' the Air were let loose on my  
An the Skirlin Kelpie glowered fierce at me  
Wi' his waefu' look an' his wealin' e'e."

"Then followed on the munebeams  
The Warlock an' the fay.  
Wha raised the storm an' sea-stream  
On the ocean far away.  
The hungry surges leapt up high  
An' tried to scoop the starny sky.  
The ship strave lang an' sairly  
Wi' the storm wind an' the wave.  
But the fell fiens beat them fairly  
Sae they fand a deep sea-grave.  
Noo he lies deep doon 'mang the coral cells,  
where the mermaid sports an' the sea-god dwells.  
'Mang the rubies an' gowd and pearls sae fair,  
Away deep doon i' the ocean there."2

"They say that drave me crazy.  
That I aften dinna ken  
The Brownie and the Bagle  
Frae the forms o' mortal men.  
But, Oh, I whyles see gruesome things  
Wi' fiery e'en and flappin' wings.  
I see them i' the midnight,  
Wi' their gibes and mockin' glee.  
I' the starlicht and the sunlicht,  
Sin' Willie gaed frae me.  
Noo he lies deep doon i' the ocean there,  
where the weeds an' the sea-flower 'ill tangle  
Where the mermaid 'ill mirror her form i' his  
Away deep doon i' the azure sea."

## THE CROWDED STREET

On they are moving, side by side,  
In humbleness, or haughty pride,  
The rich and poor, the low and great,  
The beggar and the lord of state.  
The workmen hurrying to his loom.  
The merchant-prince, the tramp, the groom.  
The fallen one, the joyous bride,  
Are moving in the mingled tide.

What varying feelings stir each breast,  
What hopes, what fears, what wild unrest.  
The pangs of doubt, joy's secret flow,  
Are hidden as on, on they go.  
Peach-cheek and yellow wrinkled age,  
The babbling fool, the silent sage.  
Sin's ugliness, the glance of truth,  
Bright beauty in the flush of youth.

Remorse and guilt and shame are here,  
Sweet Love with looks of lofty cheer,  
Beams forth from many a glowing eye  
On this mass of humanity.  
The honest man with look of pride,  
The cowering thief, step side by side.  
Incarnate fiends might angels meet  
Saluting on the crowded street.

Here in this moving, human tide  
All passions are personified,  
And every feeling, hell or heaven,  
(For woe or weal) to man has given,  
Are reproduced intense and deep,  
In varying color, force and sweep.  
Disease and health, and joy and woe  
Go-mingle as on, on, they go.

Each unit one immortal part,  
Of God's great life-diffusing heart,  
Through all the endless years to flow,  
Ordained to live in joy or woe,  
Still forward moves the restless tide,  
Dirt, rags and granduer side by side,  
Each for himself, the lord and slave,  
But all, all, onward to the grave.

## THE GOLD GRIPPER'S REVERIE.

"Let others sing of worth and fame,  
Of kindly deeds by mercy planned,  
Of kingly might, or lordly name,  
My theme shall be the "itching hand."  
All thine is mine, to take and hold.  
"The world's my oyster", though it's canned.  
If I can cheat thee honestly,  
Still will I praise the "itching hand."

"The nation's purse, the public trust,  
The workman's hardly gathered pile,  
I rake me in through sweat and dust.  
(The gold shines though the dirt be vile.)  
The widow's mite, the portion left  
To orphan child, my coffers swell,  
By "operations" that are left.  
I care not who may stand the "sell."

"I'd scorn to use a burglar's tools,  
For law might catch me "on the fly"  
Such clumsy weapons give to fools.  
The truly wise cajole and lie.  
They win more wealth by one sharp stroke  
Than burglars win with all their crimes.  
I reckon not what poor wretch be "broke,"  
If I can safely "scoop the dimes."

"A preacher I do love to fleece,  
Because he'll seldom "kick" or "squeal."  
A wealthy widow like a piece  
Of wax in my hands at a "deal".  
But I go "short" on lawyer men  
On sheriff's constable and such  
As guide and guard the public "pen".  
I always squirm to feel their touch."

"The world gives praise to soldiers hired  
To cut men's throats with ruffian hand;  
And statesmen's windy tales are wired  
To all the hamlets in the land,  
While some are born to high estate.  
By birth's capricious accident.

Belauded by the rich and great  
Though wit be dull, and sense be scant."

"The world moves round its center.  
The world was made that I might stand.  
Men praise me for my energy.  
They never see my "itching hand."  
Heigho! Creation! honors bide  
Oh knaves and fools where ere we go.  
The honest man's the ass we ride  
For even nature willed it so."

"I'll take, and what I get I'll keep.  
By all means either foul or fair.  
I'll skin the wolf, and shear the sheep,  
Until I stand a millionaire.  
Still will I smack my lips and smiles  
Shall rest upon my visage bland,  
When good men lift their glossy tiles  
And kindly shake my "itching hand."

121.

THE INVITATION  
(After Moore)

(She)

"Oh, come with me! Oh, come with me!  
And we'll dwell beneath the greenwood tree  
Where the zephyrs die  
Like a lover's sigh  
In the long arcades of the greenwood trees,  
where the leaves form a bower,  
From the sun and shower,  
At the high noon hour  
Of the fervid day.  
And a holy calm  
Like a healing balm  
Comes stealing our senses away."

(He)

"I will go with thee. I will go with thee,  
'Neath the damp old shades of the greenwood  
tree  
where ills and aches  
Rheumatics and shakes  
All lurk at the roots of the greenwood tree.  
Where the black ants roam  
Far, far from home,  
But bite their best on a summer day.  
Where the hornets that tear  
Through the odorous air  
Make the fat men swear,  
As they run away."

(She)

"Oh, come with me! Oh, come with me!  
And we'll range through the fair old greenwood  
free,  
On the mossy seats,  
In the cool retreats  
We will sigh our love 'neath the greenwood tree.  
Oh, come away!  
Dear, say not "Nay"  
And we'll dream all day  
Of the fairy isles,  
Where pure joy rests  
But in lover's breasts  
And is fed on kisses and loving smiles."



(He)

"I will go with thee. I will go with thee.  
Where the big mosquito hums with glee.

When our skins they share,

For a luncheon rare

With frenzied bites of the bold sand fee

Then we'll go on the lake,

If the fish won't "Take"

Tall stories we'll make

Of our sport galore,

And home we will hie,

When night draws nigh,

And our "Catch" we will buy,

At the fishmonger's store."

## THE LOVE TEST

"Farewell! Farewell, my bonnie maid!  
 You love but rank alone,  
 My heart beneath your feet I laid!  
 You smiled and led me on,  
 You bade me come and have repaid  
 My love by sneer and frown.  
 If I am but a squire, nor claim  
 A twenty quartered shield,  
 My Saxon sires won laureled fame  
 On many a stricken field."  
 The maiden laughed, the maiden mocked in high  
 contempt and glee  
 Until the tears ran down her cheeks, and her  
 deep ecstasy,  
 Then bade him "Go  
 And seek and woo  
 Some maid of low degree."

"I do not boast my pedigree  
From a vaunted Norman line,  
But my Scottish heart was true to thee,  
My very soul was thine.  
Too fondly did I dream, Ah! he!  
That all your love was mine,  
I've claimed no name of titled pride,  
Nor yet a great rent-roll,  
So now, you coldly cast aside  
The love of an honest soul."  
The maiden sneered, the maiden mocked in high  
contempt and glee,  
Until the tears ran down her cheeks in her  
deep ecstasy.

"Now take my word,  
A titled lord  
Nor less will do for me."

"Farewell! we part, earth's dreary road  
Is dimmed by my despair.  
Life's dream is over and its load  
Is all that I can bear.  
I gave you all, at your least nod  
I almost renounced my God!  
Oh, lady, false and fair!



## THE LOYAL FARMER

"So you want me to sell you my farm, Mister,  
Where I've joyed and sorrowed and loved,  
And to go away to Dacoty,  
Where you've farms that are greatly improved,  
You will sell me some land there cheaply,  
And buy this old homestead for cash.  
You will give me a rare good bargain,  
Mister, I won't be rash.

"I will stick to the land I have, Mister,  
It is good enough for me,  
Though I hewed it outen the forest,  
Year by year and tree by tree.  
Though the stumps are still in the meadows,  
The wheatland is strong and deep,  
And twenty bushels an acre  
Is never a cause to weep."

"It is true that the place is rough-like,  
But every stick and stone,  
Have a friendly look, and somehow  
Have close to my old heart grown.  
I love it, strange, how I love it.  
For my working hours have been long.  
But I worked for love, and love ever  
Will make a man brave and strong."

"The old farm has hallowed memories,  
It 'was here that dear Mother died,  
It was here, just forty years ago,  
Came Mary, my blushing bride,  
To the old log cabin, out yonder,  
Our little ones came by and by,  
Till our hearts grew as young as the children,  
And joy glistened bright in each eye."

There was Alick, the true and the tender,  
Took the gold-fever, went and died  
Away in British Columbia.  
In a tent on a lone hill-side,  
Our Rob is a great city-preacher.

And Tom, with his dancing feet,  
Is now a grave, first lieutenant,  
On board of her Majesty's fleet."

"He had two little girls, but somehow  
Like daisies they faded away,  
Yon, are their tombstones, yonder,  
You see on the edge of the brae,  
Yet my dear wife and I never think on  
The two little babies as dead,  
We just think of 'em waiting and watching  
For us in the skies overhead."

## THE MILLENNIUM

We're nearing earth's millennial day.  
Its coming, lads, its coming.  
When all mankind shall own Love's sway  
From sunrise to its gloaming  
when down along Time's sunny road,  
In spite of Seers and Sages,  
Men shall walk hand in hand with God  
Through all the coming Ages.

Each flower that lifts its radiant head  
To heaven in all its glory,  
In bloom, in form, in perfume shed,  
All tell the same grand story.  
The babbling brooks, the singing bird,  
Come all with whispers laden,  
That this fair earth is God the Lord's,  
And it shall bloom as Eden.

The waves come rolling from the seas,  
With voices loud, or lowly  
The winds go murmuring through the trees,  
With accents soft and holy.  
Fair Nature through her vast domain,  
Fen-reach and forest-ally,  
The mountain side, the prairie plain,  
The hill-top and the valley.

All tell us with unfaltering tongue  
The dawning bright is glowing,  
when man's heart shall grow pure and young,  
And welling love fast flowing  
Shall sweep off like a river-tide,  
The scum of sin and evil,  
with all the sophistries which hide  
The fingers of the devil.

Then man's heart, like a fair white book,  
Unwritten and untinted,  
Shall take Love's impress and Love's Look  
Unmeasured and unstinted.  
For Love shall reign supreme, confessed,  
God's grandest blessing given.

And man shall be in mankind blest,  
 And heaven shall be as heaven.

God's earth is ready for that time,  
 And patient Nature, waiting,  
 To don the garments of her prime,  
 When man shall cease his hating,  
 His fierce heart-burnings, and his strife,  
 With all its fevered story.  
 And strive to make this earthly life,  
 A sweet foretaste of Glory.

Lord hasten on that blessed hour,  
 we've hoped for, worked for, prayed for,  
 When man shall win that crowning dower  
 Of Love our Saviour paid for.  
 Then, shall we grow up like to gods,  
 In form, and face, and nature.  
 Like giants walk earth's pleasant road,  
 In intellectual stature.

Its coming, lads, its coming fast.  
 Be ready for its coming.  
 That glorious interval to last  
 Away unto Time's gloaming.  
 When not a joy of all the years  
 Of time shall be denied us.  
 When God shall smile away our tears,  
 And angels dwell beside us.

### THE MINISTER'S WIFE

The Minister's grand! His keen intellect wings,  
A high eagle-like flight over earth's puny things.  
He can show you the hues of a ray of sunlight,  
Or measure each star its dimensions or flight  
Though learned, he is humble and in times when  
there's need.

The minister turns out a true friend indeed.  
He's a power in the pulpit, nor favor nor fear.  
Can stop him from scourging a sin and its sphere,  
But his wan cheek grows flushed and his eye all  
aflame.

As he dwells on the dear loving Jesus' name,  
He pleads with the people in accents that burn,  
And urges each sin-broken wanderer's return,  
But in tones just like thunder denounces all wrong

Till he looks like an angel so steadfast and strong  
Through the Minister's might souls are quickened to life.  
But the half of his power is the Minister's wife.

The Minister's Wife is but human, yet she,  
Bears her crosses all smiling whatever they be,  
She has hunger and weariness, aching and pains,  
For the blood of mortality flows in her veins.  
She has sorrows and troubles and cares of her  
own.

Yet in pity for others she crushes them down.  
Her sympathy flows like a well to it's brim.  
And the light of her loving eye never grows dim.  
Is there joy in a household, her laughter rings  
forth.

And her presence gives zest unto innocent mirth,  
But when dark days are come with the mean and the sigh.

She is sure to be there with the tear in her eye.  
Though the Minister's tongue can cut like a knife,  
She's a healer of wounds, is the Minister's Wife.  
We have praise for the statesman, a cheer for the  
brave.

A smile for the poet, a tear for the slave,  
But unless she comes softening our trouble or  
  strife

We scarce have a thought for the Minister's Wife.



Is ther want in the town pressing hard on  
the poor,  
She is there with her help at the needy  
one's door,  
Does Pestilence steal like a spectre along.  
She is nurse to the sick ones and health  
to the strong.  
The beggar ne'er goes from her door-step  
unfed,  
From her oft-scanty store are the naked  
ones clad.  
She is busy from morning till gloaming  
grows grey,  
Smoothing wrinkles and kinks from some  
feeble one's way.  
There are new clothes to make, there are  
old ones to mend,  
Mother's meetings, Society, clubs to attend.  
There is baking and washing and ironing in  
sight,  
(For the Minister's linen is spotless and  
white.)  
She is pushed as a nailer, with no time to  
For gossip and scandal she never can bear.  
So, in tears or in laughter, in death or in  
life,  
She's a Ministering Angel, the Minister's  
wife.

## THE NAMELESS GRAVE

Back in the bush where the wood-pinks are spring  
Our baby was buried beneath the wild-flowers.  
When the sweet forest nestlings their vespers  
were singing,  
Where the bee and the butterfly danced through  
the bowers,

Low, in that grassy mound,  
Baby is sleeping sound.  
Sleeping the sleep evil never can break  
Safe from the ills of life,  
Malice and care and strife  
Waiting, till God calls the baby to wake.

The great, swaying pines towering up unto heaven  
Through which soft breezes sigh in a low undertone  
The hoary old oak, with its crown thunder-  
                                riven  
Keep watch o'er that grave when the sunshine has  
                                gone.

Proud monumental stones,  
Record the mouldering bones,  
Where wealth's favored children lie slumbering  
at rest

But common to all, the clay  
Covering their forms away.  
Common the shelter in Mother Earth's breast.

When the last trumpet sounds and all mankind are  
waking  
From the still sleep of death to meet Jesus on  
high,  
No record God needs when that morning is breaking,  
To tell where the dear little children all lie.

Their names are written down,  
Heirs to the palm and crown,  
Whether from swamp-hut or palace they come.  
Bright shall their waking be  
In immortality,  
With Christ and His angels to welcome them home.



133.

And in white-faced fear from the hand of death.

It had glowed in the crown of an Indian Lord,  
It had jewelled the hilt of his satrap's sword,  
From the ring on a murder's hand it had shone,  
Had glittered with rubies in Burmah's throne.  
It had blazed as the light of an idol's eye  
In a gorgeous temple of old Delhi.  
It was bathed in blood when the lurid light  
Of burning homesteads lit up the night,  
When the Grecians swept with an iron hand,  
Like a blast of flame o'er the trembling land.  
It was worn by swards, The hero's crest  
Was the loftier raised from its charm on his  
breast.

It was plucked from the helm of a monarch slain  
By the ruthless warriors of Lammerlane.  
Down through the ages it saw and heard  
The traitor's council, the tyrant's word.  
The gorgeous pageant--the mustering host  
Love's holy gathering--life's battle lost.  
Now mounted in front of a fighter's plume,  
Now bossed in his shield like the Eye of Doom,  
Now treasured in secret and hid from sight  
By the priests of a Godhead who shunned the  
light.

At the close of one day when the fight was done,  
As the smoke rose up from the last lone gun,  
And the foe had fled from the battle tide  
In a headlong flight to the mountain side.  
A Scottish soldier, all grim and stain  
From that hard fought fight on the Indian  
plain,  
Caught the fair white pearl with light divine  
From a sacred Siva's inner shrine,  
When the flight and the hot pursuit were o'er  
As they looted the temple beside Cawnpore.

And, lo, on a peaceful brow it shone,  
But with beauty o'er matched by the maiden's  
own.

For ever the gems of the sea and mine  
Are dull and dead as the cold moonshine  
When we look on the light of life, which  
lies  
In the radiant depths of a maiden's eyes.

THE RELIEF OF JULEEC

The drifted snow had melted along the valley's  
breast,  
Where the sumack and the maple in their quivering  
leaves were drest.  
The ice-seal had departed when the winter's reign  
was done  
Leaving all the broad St. Lawrence shimmering in  
the bright May sun.  
The great guns frowned down grimly from Quebec's  
embattled rock  
Where long, long months we held the town 'mid  
belching fire and smoke.  
Vadruil's seilching army hemmed us on the landward  
side,  
And Vanquelin's war-ships kept their watch upon the  
river tide.

Hunger and cold and sickness touched us with a  
wasting hand,  
Foes watching on the river and foes battering on  
the land,  
But our steadfast hearts upheld us in the danger  
ever nigh.  
We knew, like British soldiers how to suffer and  
to die.  
They often pressed us sorely, but well our brave  
foes knew  
The danger that menaced them when our humming  
rounders flew.  
Then we blazed away the hotter, for we fought  
like Odin's sons,  
Till our ramparts rocked beneath us from the bound-  
ing of the guns.

We had hoped through all the winter, for the coming  
of the spring,  
Oh how we watched and waited for the succor it  
would bring.  
Till we saw a frigate's topsails swaying round the  
river-bend,  
Then our prayers went up to heaven that the comer'  
was a friend,  
We ran the British ensign up the halyards on the  
height,  
we saw Saint George's pennon flutter from the tall  
mast-head.  
Oh, how that dear old streamer thrilled the hearts  
of one and all.

135.

As the British ship, Diana, sailed up past our grey  
old wall.

Guns thundered on the ramparts, loud, loud the joy-  
bells rang,  
And the grand, old Scottish bagpipes swelled above  
the merry clang.  
Amid sobs our tears were flowing, sobs and tears but  
not of grief,  
For the coming of our brothers at the last to our  
relief.  
The frigate, lowstoffs, followed and with all their  
canvass spread,  
The Royal, white winged warships forged slowly on  
ahead,  
Upon the French flotilla, two ships against their  
nine.  
Frigates and sloops and schooners all formed in  
battle line.

We heard them beat to quarters, we could see the  
gunners stand,  
Each by his loaded cannon with his linstock in  
his hand,  
As the stately ships moved onward, working nigh-  
er still and nigher,  
Till high on Vanquelin's flagship rose his signal  
"Open Fire".  
Then the thunder of the conflict across the  
rippling bay,  
And the rugged hill of Levis rolled its echoes  
far away.  
O'er the dim, old woods behind its quickening  
up the sullen bear,  
While the grey wolf howled with terror as it  
started in its lair.

Faster boomed the broadsides and the rattling  
musketry,  
Rang in hurried, fierce succession from each  
truck and great cross tree,  
Though the smoke-wreaths darkened round them,  
hiding all the ships from sight,  
We could hear their English cheering as they  
lorded o'er the fight.  
Soon Vanquelin's fire slackened, till his cannon  
ceased to play,  
His trimmers took their stations and he tried to  
round away.

Then the Lowstoffs closed upon him till her  
black gun-muzzles pried  
His battered ports wide open as they locked  
his larboard side.

"Boarders, Away!" the captain cried, then pike  
and cutlasses gleamed  
And over on the Frenchmen's decks our gallant  
seamen streamed,  
A whirling rush of reeling men; mid curses,  
shouts and blows,  
The tramp of feet, the clash of steel above  
the tumult rose,  
They swept his decks from stem to stern, where  
heaps of dead men lay,  
A bloody token how they fought on that  
decisive day,  
Then Vanquelin yielded up his sword, as well a  
brave man can,  
who has done all that lies within the power  
of mortal man,  
They sank or burnt his consort ships, but  
saved stout Vanquelin's own,  
As a trophy of the battle and how well the  
fight was won.

We watched them from the city, from the ramparts and the tower,  
Now in anger, now in pity, through the battle's  
dubious hour,  
But our hearts grew great within us, when the  
fight began to show  
The triumph of our seamen in the river-reach  
below.  
Vadruil's army turned and fled, when they saw  
the battle end,  
We drove them through their batteries with a  
mighty, master-hand.  
They left all in their headlong haste, lit  
match and loaded gun,  
Swords, drums and tents and battle-flags,  
So Canada was won.

## THE REVERIE OF THE NORMAN BARON.

"Castles are won by might of our daring,  
 Cornlands and woods by the spur and the spear.  
 The flash of my lance carries terror when bearing  
 My bright pennant on in my charging career.  
 Astride my stout steed with the world before me,  
 My face and my sword never turned from my foe.  
 What may I not hope ere a moon passes o'er me?  
 What may I not win by a well-smitten blow?"

"The rivers are broad in this land, and the valleys  
 Are fertile. The people are sluggish and cold  
 When the trumpet-tones sound their brave blair for  
 the onset,  
 Oh, King! I will give them cold iron for gold.  
 Then pleasure and fame for my toil shall reward me,  
 And wealth shall pour in from the boors of the  
 land.  
 What tho' with grim hate, or with love they regard  
 me,  
 I will hold them in fear with the scourge and  
 the brand."

"What Power has the world like that of a Sworder?  
 What arguments tell like the blows of our  
 glaives?  
 Leave the tale of the tongue to the monkish recorder,  
 And whimpers of pity to women and slaves.  
 What right has a man to stand up in the world,  
 And mingle with men who have fought in the field,  
 If he never rode under a banner unfurled,  
 Or bore on his body the sword and the shield?"

"Away with the weak and the meek! Let the trumpet  
 Awaken my soul with its heart-stirring call.  
 Let the roar of the tumult but find me a saddle,  
 The meek and the weak shall go back to the wall.  
 I will grasp at the spoil as my sires before me  
 Have ever won wealth, where was wealth to be won.  
 Bedecked in my splendors, the mother who bore me  
 Perchance will not know her adventurous son."





## THE SHELLING

The music of the shilling is the sweetest sound  
I hear,  
When the coin has left my pocket, and the nights  
are long and drear,  
When the coal-bin's getting empty, and the flour  
bag's getting down  
And my wife grows cross and cankered, with no  
credit in the town,  
The children round us crying, with their feet  
all bare and cold,  
When the weaving work is bad, and our clothes  
are getting old,  
With the winter coming on, and no good our  
hearts to cheer,  
Oh, the music of the shilling is the sweetest  
sound I hear!

The shilling, oh, the shilling!  
It makes many a man a villian.  
It drives us mostly crazy-paupers, lords and  
millionaires,  
To gain the shuffling shilling  
We are eager, far past telling,  
To swap both health and pleasure for its com-  
forts and its cares.

The shilling, oh, the shilling! What a charm lies  
in its ring,  
It makes the young folks chatter, and the old  
folks sit and sing.  
It changes tears to laughter, where the hand of  
trouble fell,  
It dries up many a sorrow like some cunning  
wizard's spell.  
It draws the bolt of many a door far faster than  
a key.  
Where many a dinner you will get among good com-  
pany.  
It makes the men who meet you lift their hats,  
and smile, and bow,  
It makes you, aye, respectable, no matter where  
or how.  
You canned the mighty shilling, by what mean-  
nesses or guile

The music of that shilling turns man's frown  
into a smile.

The shilling, oh, the shilling!  
How many a man is willing  
To sell his kin and conscience, his country,  
or his king.  
To win that dirty shilling  
Often worrying out and killing  
Every spark of honest manliness, to hear the  
shilling ring.

When the cold adversity around your hearth-  
stone blows,  
Your summer friend will leave you when your  
fortune's sunshine goes,  
And then you'll see the shilling was the  
charm that drew them round.  
Oh, there's nothing like the shilling - there's  
magic in the sound.  
So, comrade, tend your shilling and you'll see  
I do not lie  
When I say that it's the backbone of respec-  
ability,  
And if beneath misfortune's heel your pros-  
pects all look blue,  
You'll find that tended shilling prove the  
truest friend to you.

The shilling, oh, the shilling!  
But some take pride in filling  
Their alligator wallets till they bulge out  
like a drum,  
They worship that white shilling  
With a reverence ever swelling,  
Till it damns them, soul and body in this  
world and that to come.

Among the tavern slush with cards and ratt-  
ling dice,  
We sometimes seek fair Pleasure and we pay  
fair Pleasure's price.  
When the fun is getting brisk and the song  
is going round,  
And the tinkling of the glasses have a far,  
far sweeter sound  
Than the tinkle of the shilling; But alas  
when morning's come



## THE SEEKERS

Groping around in the darkness,  
Staggering to and fro,  
Reeling about like men drunken  
On in our ways we go.  
Ever in doubt of deliverance,  
Ever in want and woe.

Seeking the bloom of an Eden,  
In a world sore smitten by sin,  
Wondering why God's blessed Angels,  
So seldom are dwellers therein.  
Ever reaching to grasp at a Gladness,  
Mortality never can win.

Seeking at well-springs of Evil  
The germs of a holier life.  
But bitter and black are the waters  
And the pitfalls around them are rife.  
Oh, like doves upon wings ever-sailing.  
Our souls are a-weary with strife.

Groping about in the darkness,  
Seeking, lest haply we die,  
An antidote for the evils,  
Which deep in our gross natures lie.  
Groping about for that Essence.  
Earth's riches can never buy.

Pleasure vanishes quickly,  
Swift comes its follower Pain.  
Fame mocks man's deadly heart-hunger.  
Often won by both rending and stain,  
Fouling and searing the conscience.  
Only Christ can make white again.

The veneer of refinement and fashion  
Hides a savage heart often behind.  
The brute sometimes looks through the eyelids,  
Of the lord with his cultured mind,

143.

And Earth's cold philosophy often,  
Is unstable and vain as the wind.

Creeds with their snares and delusions,  
Chain the living oft unto the dead,  
Often starving our souls with the Letter,  
Which but darkens the pathways we tread,  
Giving us serpents for fishes --  
Giving us stones for bread.

Only Jesus we find the Strength -- Giver,  
To help mortals on with earth's load,  
To give each the strength of an angel,  
The stature and powers of a god.  
He, only is Life and Life-Giver,  
Who quickens our souls at His nod.

He only is Life and Life-Giver.  
Who smooths our hearts' roughness away --  
Lifts our feet from the mire of temptation.  
Above earth with its coarseness and clay.  
Who places us, white and immortal.  
In the life and the light of Love's day.

## THE SONG OF THE MAGIC BATTLE-AXE

"Out of my amber-cave, under the ocean,  
 King-Killer, I come,  
 Where the wild surges pulse, but with voice-  
   less emotion,

On the mermaiden's home.  
 Where the rich wrecks lie scattered on sea-  
   weed and tangle,

Where the sands are of gold,  
 King-Killer I come from the green depths to  
   mangle,

The hearts of the bold!  
 No pearls encrust me, No gold is inlaid,  
 On my black iron shaft, or my keen cutting  
   blade,  
 An old wizard wielded my steel with his spell,  
 In the earth's burning bosom where stark demons  
   dwell,  
 Through the gods of the Soil and the Spirits of  
   Air,  
 United to foil him, he battled them there.  
 Then the Red Flames of mid-earth leapt high  
   with delight,  
 And roared through their gold caverns cheering  
   the fight.

But the wizard was slain I was cast in the sea,  
 Your strong prayer, Oh, Viking brings you close  
   unto me'  
 Then be first where swords play in the rush of  
   the fight,

Where warrior-brows gloom,  
 And when I am uplifted your foeman to smite,  
 My flash is his doom."

"Long ages have passed since the World of  
   Water,

First closed o'er my head,  
 And the Shapes of the Sea moved to anger or  
   laughter,

Strove o'er my low bed,  
 They knew me foredoomed unto havoc and strife,  
 When the sweet sunbeams warmed up my spell  
   unto life.

So they fought who should win me, to bind on  
   his bree







## THE SONG OF THE TREE.

"Over the Saplings I tower in pride,  
And my limbs of giant mould,  
In their sturdy strength stretch far and wide,  
Lichened bright with both silver and gold,  
Here in my mighty strength I've stood,  
Five hundred years and more,  
And here I will reign the King of the wood,  
When a thousand years are o'er."

"King Tempest may rush with his thunder-blast,  
O'er the earth on his awful way,  
Ho! Ho! in my power my arms I cast,  
Abroad while his lightnings play,  
He may smite all the weaklings down to the  
earth,  
With the strokes of his terrible wing,  
But only laugh in my royal mirth,  
As his blows through my branches ring."

King Tempest came on a murky night,  
And roared with a demon-tongue,  
Through the forest-reaches, strong to smite,  
The oak where the ivy clung,  
The tasseled pine and the ghostly birch,  
The maple with glory clad.  
The spreading beech, the tender larch,  
And the sapling's humble head.

His ice-spaces shot through the angry sky,  
Like sword-blades his lightning's played,  
And the hurricane-breath careering by,  
Left death in the track it made,  
The great oak fell with thunderous sound,  
And its heart gave a shuddering groan,  
While the saplings which bent to the sheltering  
ground,  
Rose up when the storm was gone.



149.

"Leave me, oh leave me in peace I pray,  
To nerve my Soul for my dying day."

All of the spectres stood gaunt and grim,  
Hideous alike in face and limb.

Wicked and loathsome without and within,  
With the gruesome looks of their mother, Sin.

For now on his deathbed his mental eyes,  
Had stripped them all of each sweet disguise.

Naked and fenceless they stood that day,  
Shorn of their tinsel and brave array.

Kind Deeds undone, Kind words unsaid,  
Took evil forms o'er his dying bed.

"Father, dear father you gave to us breath,  
Own us, oh, own us, before your death!

(Afar in the Temple, both loud and long,  
Rose up the voice of the evensong,  
Phylactried priests in their holy guise,  
Made a worse than a useless sacrifice.  
That Form with its pomp and its music-roll,  
Still left the sin on Ben Ihldrim's soul.)

"Leave me" was still the old Rabbi's cry,  
"Go! oh, my sorrows! and let me die."

"We cannot leave you," the spectres said,  
"There is only one who can come in our stead."

"But too many and great are these sins of thine,  
For even the Power of that Love Divine."

His heart grew heavy and great fear stole,  
Like a mighty flood o'er his trembling soul.

"Oh, who is that One?" at length he cried,  
"Jesus of Nazareth, the Crucified!"

Straightway he covered his head and prayed,  
But never a word his pale lips said.

The prayer rose out of his heart and flowed,  
Up in a stream to the throne of God.

The dear Lord came when the rabbi cried,  
And shewed him the wounds in his hands and  
side.

"Lord! I believe in Thy will and Thy might,  
Put back my sins from Thy Holy sight."

At Immanuel's word "For thy sins I died,"  
The Spectres fled from Ben Ihldrim's side.

Down on his spirit a holy calm,  
Fell soft and sweet as a healing balm.

Eased of his pain, by the Dear Lord blest,  
Ben Ihldrim sank peacefully into his rest.

## THE SPARROW'S SONG

Over the dooryard the sparrows fly,  
Little brown fellows among the snow.  
Each fluttering wing, and each twinkling eye,  
Quick as a light-flash come and go.  
In strange bird-language they laught and talk,  
Cheerily ever through right or wrong.  
They teach us a lesson we often lack.  
"Chirrup, cheerup," is the sparrow's song.

"Though the snow be deep, and the winter cold,  
Chirrup, cheerup, it will pass away.  
The sun will shine with its bars of gold,  
The flowers will come with the summer day.  
Though we snatch our morsels from many a door,  
Our Father cares for us right along,  
The bite aye comes when the need is sore,  
"Chirrup, cheerup." is the sparrow's song.

The darkest night has an end always.  
We are nearest our food when our hearts  
are faint.  
A shelter is sweetest on stormiest days,  
And ease comes tenderest after pain.  
We trust to His kindness, but strive with the  
hour.  
We have faith in His goodness wherever we  
throng,  
For we know that He holds both the will and  
the power.  
"Chirrup. Chearup." is the sparrow's song.

Our God cares alike for the beast and the  
bird,  
Their pain He assuages, their crying He  
hears.  
And the voices of man's sorrow is never un-  
heard.  
But He helps us to bear it and dries up our  
tears,  
Let us copy the sparrows and trust to His hand.  
Our faith in His goodness will make our  
hearts strong,  
His kind love will hold up our souls to the end  
If we follow the best of the sparrow's song.



## THE TOP O' THE STYLE

(In some of the English counties the land is very level, and the only chance of a pedestrian to see before or behind him is from the top of one of the stiles which cross, its often picturesque, foot-paths.)

When our day-skies are darkened by black clouds  
  of care,  
And the grim waves of trouble come sweeping in  
  strong.  
When we think we have more than our weak hearts  
  can bear,  
Of falsehood, or suffering, of sorrow, or  
  wrong,  
Let us never sink down with the face to the  
  wall,  
But always stand up like true men with a smile.  
Meet troubles halfway and we'll conquer them all.  
And always look out from the top o' the stile.

We are sometimes downcast when our money runs low.  
We are sometimes deceived by a much-trusted  
friend,  
And our burdens grow heavier the further we go,  
But "its a long lane that has no turning or end."  
Our fight may be fierce, and our weapons be poor,  
Gainst the power of this world and all its  
deep guile.  
Let our watchword by "Forward" then strive and  
endure.  
And always look out from the top o' the stile.

There, we see over sorrow, temptation, and  
wrong,  
We see what is past, what we have overcome.  
What we see of the future should make our hearts  
strong,  
Nor, let battle blows fail, or our voices grow  
dumb.  
Never give up, Brother, never give in.  
Though the eye be tear-dimmed, hit out harder  
the while.



At the wiles of the Devil-temptation and sin,  
And always look out from the top o' the stile.

Though our prospects be gloomy--our life march  
  be sore,  
    Though we win our bit crust by the sweat of  
  the brow,  
The rest-time will come when the conflict is  
  o'er.

The rest-time will come though the battle-  
blows now.  
Set your face to the goal and move steadily on  
O'er the hill, through the river, or rocky  
defile.

Let your fight be a hero's, though fighting alone.

Made strong by your look from the top o'  
the stile.

Every man has his mission, no matter what'er  
Be his place in the ranks, be it lowly, or  
high,  
In spite of his pleasure, his duty is there  
To strive like a man--if God wills it, to die.  
So on with the life-work through suffering or  
wrong.

Leave the issues to God with a confident smile.

Endure in the right, then be hopeful and strong,  
And always look out from the top o' the stile.



But they weep and turn away.  
 In anguish and dismay  
 At the base and the untrue,  
 Oh, the visions that we miss,  
     By each dull material eye.  
 Oh, the scenes of joy and bliss,  
     That are floating ever nigh.  
 Floating in the singing breeze,  
     Floating through the waving trees,  
 Floating over land and seas,  
     In light eternally.  
 All around, these angel throngs,  
     (Though we cannot hear.)  
 Are hymning out salvation songs,  
     Soft and sweet and clear.  
 And only when this mortal clay,  
     Drops from our eager spirits, They  
 Shall all behold the Perfect Day.  
     with Christ our Saviour near.  
 There are Evil Spirits too,  
     Glorious eyed.  
 Flying ever to and fro,  
     In fallen pride.  
 And they mock our hearts with smiles.  
     As they tell.  
 Of each pleasant hour which whiles  
     The way to Hell.  
 They are fair of face and limb,  
     But their souls are dark and grim,  
 Where evil thoughts upbrim,  
     Like a well.  
 And our human hearts are prone,  
     To receive them as our own,  
 And to cherish them alone.  
     Where they dwell.  
 They tempt us with their sneers,  
     To do the wrong,  
 Or they trifle with our fears,  
     For they are strong.  
 In every dark devise,  
     All the wiles and gilded lies,  
 With which Satan ever tries,  
     To betray,  
 Our feet from Duty's road --

The path our Saviour trod --  
Our hearts away from God.  
And God's way.  
So, they follow on through life,  
Ever raising hate and strife,  
Till Death's day.  
Then they bear our spirits down,  
To the darksome realms they own.  
Where the anguish and the moan,  
Fill the air.  
Or at last these fiends are driven,  
By the Grace which God has given,  
From the very Gates of Heaven,  
By Despair.

TRAMP

In the following stanzas I have tried to depict the feelings of One of Scotland's minor poets, when out of work, tramping the country with his young family.

Tramp! ever tramp!  
In the snow, the sleet and the rain,  
In the stinging frost, and the chilling damp,  
In poverty and pain,  
O'er the hill, the morass and the moor,  
With hunger to drive us on.  
Through the heartless town, to the cotter's  
door.

Or the gate of the lofty one.  
To be wetted and chilled to the bone,  
Exposed to the pitiless blast,  
Till even the light of Hope is gone,  
Oh God! How long can this last?

Not for myself care I.  
I could die, or endure it, alone.  
But my suffering bairns and my poor wife's cry  
Would melt the heart of a stone.  
Their faces all pinched and blue  
With the sufferings of many a day.  
Their worn, little shoes, with their feet  
                                coming through.

In the mire upon the way,  
With nothing but rags to wear  
To shelter them from the cold,  
Till the icy stare of their dull despair  
Makes their faces look worn and old.  
Yet they are but bairns in years,  
Though old in suffering and woe.  
Oh, wonder not that I melt in tears,  
As I see them come and go  
Begging a crust of bread!  
My children! The light of my eye!  
With no fireside, and no cosy bed,  
But a pauper's grave, if they die!

Tramp! ever tramp!  
All through no fault of my own,  
The quenched the light of my household lamp,  
And bade me make haste and begone,  
Though the winter was blustering and wild,  
Though food could scarcely be had  
An ailing wife, and an infant child.  
And all because trade was bad.  
So, we have no roof but the sky.  
On ever we tramp in pain.  
Four little children, my wife and I,  
Begging me work in vain.  
Oh, for a home again!  
For a fireside of my own.  
Where my little Starvings may have food  
Won by my hands alone.

Oh, for some work to do!  
Father, I still pray on  
For the dawning light of a better day.  
When the children's moan may be chased away.  
By their loving smiles and their merry play,  
When hunger is never known.

## WORK

Which do you deem life's sweetest hour,  
The hour of God supremely blest,  
To raise your soul and give you power,  
To choose life's purest and its best?

The hour of all you mostly prize,  
Which you remember oft and long,  
A tender memory that will rise  
Within you like a holy song?

"An hour down by the living sea,  
Watching the rolling surges fling  
The pebbles shoreward in their glee,  
Like children in their gambolling."

"An hour upon the mountain grass  
To see the wheeling eagle go,  
In his imperial loneliness.  
From peak to peak of virgin snow."

"An hour beneath a spreading tree  
In some romantic solitude  
Dreaming of great things yet to be,  
When all the world is pure and good."

"An hour within some garden old.  
To sit at ease among fruit and flower,  
In arbors flecked with green and gold.  
To dream away that envied hour."

Is this the aim - the end of man?  
Was man made for himself alone?  
Does dreaming fill our Father's plan,  
To help the world's great movements on?

I trow not: Until dreams grow deeds,  
The world is poorer as it stands.  
For all of man's suremost needs  
Are filled through Love or labor's hands.

161.

The whole world moves through love or toil.  
Great forces God ordained to be.  
One feeds the mind, one tills the soil.  
Another fells the forest tree.

Its strive and work, and work and strive.  
Brave-hearted toil is manhood's test.  
Through Love and Labor all things thrive,  
For only they of God are blest.



The song of the whip-poor-will 'liven's the night,  
When the sun has gone down with his life-giving  
light,  
The stars twinkle out as if each of them strove,  
To be suns in themselves filling missions of love.  
The night-dews descend with their blessings to  
earth,  
Sleep falls like a mantle on Sorrow and Mirth,  
Nature gives, if she takes, all our woe she  
alloys,  
Even darkness and sorrow but brighten our joys.  
Let your heart beat afresh and move thankfully on  
And you'll conquer the world on your own hearth-  
stone.

When tired with toiling, and hungry and sore,  
You come with the eventide home to your door,  
Where the dear faces greet you to cheer and to  
bless,  
Where weariness flies with the kindly caress,  
New joy fills our hearts, and our limbs are made  
strong  
By the soft touch of love, even suffering and wrong  
Sink down into nothing; the magic of home  
Gives a power to our lives that toils never o'ercome.  
Take a deep breath of hope, then the ghosts are all  
gone,  
And you'll conquer the world on your own hearth-  
stone.

When work has grown irksome, or fears that are vain  
Keep fretting your heart with their canker and pain.  
When oppression or trouble come darkening your days,  
And your soul has grown sick of the world and its  
ways,  
Come home to your household, the dark clouds all fly,  
And a rosy light tinges the whole of your sky,  
For this dear love will lighten the load which you  
bear,  
And their kind smiles will chase off the frownings  
of care.  
With a new grip of Faith, and a will to hold on,  
You will conquer the world on your own hearth-  
stone.

## YIRL SIGURD


Yirl Sigurd sailed out on the Northern sea  
For a year and a day.  
And three long galleys, well-manned, had he,  
When he sailed away.  
With his cordage trim, and his tall masts true.  
Like living things the galleys flew  
O'er the crested waves, as each bearded crew,  
Gave a loud hurrah.

Five witch-wives stood on the Northern shore,  
When they sailed away.  
And they conned their curses o'er and o'er,  
For a night and a day.  
Then the rough crews toiled in the wintry seas,  
With adverse currents and shifting breezes.  
Their halliards frozen and their crosstrees  
All iced with spray

But Thor's priests prayed in the sacred Grove  
For the vessels three,  
That sailed away from the little cove,  
To toil and dree.  
And many a mother's heart was sore,  
And many a maiden prayed to Thor,  
For home-hearts followed the vessels o'er  
The wintry sea.

So mother and maiden, and priest prevailed,  
And the malison  
Before Love's conquering passion failed  
At great Thor's throne.  
So the winds went down, and the wild waves fell  
To a low and a gently, heaving swell.  
Then the three long ships went brave and well,  
And steadily on.

They sailed and they sailed through seas unknown,  
In that waste of waters all alone,  
Yet the bearded crews toiled cheerily on,  
In the vessels three.  
So on they toiled in the day and night,  
In the cold and heat, in the dark and light,



For hope in the heart of the crews burnt  
bright,  
And steadily.

They saw the shifting islands shine  
Near the rising sun.  
Where the demons dwell, and the lost souls  
pine.

And hope is gone.  
The grim sea-serpent, fierce and old,  
Tossed topmast high his mane of gold,  
And threw the light of his baleful eye,  
On the daring crews as they passed him by.

What else they saw the Sagas tell,  
For many a perilous hour befell  
The bearded crews and wonderous sights  
They saw in the currents, and in the air,  
Objects of beauty, and shapes of fright,  
Fly skyward, or wander the ocean there  
When many and many a day passed by,  
And the light of hope began to die,  
They sighted the far-off land.  
Where the hills rose up till they met the sky,  
And the lawns sloped down to the ocean  
strand.

Then their anchors sunk, and their sails were  
furled  
On the fruitful shores of a bright new world.

They gathered gold from the river sand,  
And princely pearls from the broad sea-strand.  
They plucked the fruits of those Eden bowers,  
As they revelled among the fragrant flowers,  
The dusky Indians led them through  
The forest-arches gemmed with dew,  
And smiled on the strangers as they laid  
Their softest furs in the everglade,  
And motioned the white men in to rest  
On a couch of the leaves they loved the best.  
Thus many and many a day passed by,

In rare delight on that new found strand,  
Till home thoughts moistened each strong man's  
  eye,  
And they set their sails for their native  
  land.

165.

There was sobbing and wailing for many a day  
In each warm Norse home,  
For the three stout ships which sailed away  
Through the wrack and the foam.  
Mother and maiden wept hot tears.  
Their grief was long and sore,  
Their children they said were fatherless,  
And the hours of their joy were o'er.  
Till one bright day when the snow was gone,  
And the ice had melted on mere and  
When the little birds sang gaily on,  
And the meadows with flowers were all aglow.  
Then the three stout ships with well filled sails,  
Stood bravely in for the harbor-bar.  
Caressed and kissed by the favoring gales,  
Back from the elemental war,  
Back from the pathless unknown seas,  
Vague and shadowy, strange and dim.  
Where Love drank Misery's cup to the lees.  
With their dear ones over the ocean rim.  
Back again to the lighted hearth.  
To the joy of living, and love's sweet wiles.  
To the cheerful sound of the children's mirth.  
The matron's arms and the maiden's smiles.

Back from their strife on the terrible deep.  
Battered and worn by the sea's unrest.  
What their's was no idle, sluggard sleep,  
Rigging and sail and hull attest.  
Torn was many a bolt ajee,  
And many a gaping seam was seen.  
But sea-worthy still werethe good ships three,  
With their timbers staunch, as they ever had  
been,  
And deeply laden with wealth well won  
In the far-off lands of the Setting Sun.  
Still a pure heart's prayer, and a will stark  
and strong

In the right  
Will bear down before it, earth force and wrong  
In its might.  
So the strong shall grow stronger, and the  
braver shall grow braver  
From each wrestle through the darkness, and each  
earnest pure endeavour.  
To struggle for the dawning's golden ray..  
And each blow struck through the night,  
With a single-hearted might,  
Brings men nearer to the light  
Of God's day.

## "1715"

(Illustrative of the intensity of feeling in favor of the Stuart dynasty, which existed in various parts of Scotland till long past the middle of the 18th century.)

"Come from the palace, the hall and the sheiling.  
Come with the buckler, the claymore and spear.  
Come where the pibroch's loud gathering is

pealing,  
Leave the bare mountains to moorfowl and deer.  
See, from yon beacons the red flames ascending!  
Sons of the moorland, the mountain and glen  
Hark! the proud slogans in mountain winds blend-  
ing.

Rouse ye, oh, warriors, to battle again!  
From the sheiling that hangs like a speck on the  
mountain,  
Whence the wild storms of heaven are seen burst-  
ing afar,  
To the beautiful bower by the sweet singing  
fountain,  
Oh, haste to the standard which flies over Mar!"

"We will prove the pale blood of the Saxon ne'er  
mingles

In the veins of the Gael so untainted and free.  
When we gather, our numbers will be as the  
shingles

Which brace our brave land from the rude north-  
ern sea.

Make a wall of your bucklers, ye sons of the  
corri,  
To shield your brave prince from the rude foe-  
man's hand.

And the hosts of the Saxon will sink down before  
ye,

When ye come with the banner, the buckler and  
brand.

From the far-away islands, come chief and retainer,  
Till your swords are a forest all ready for war.  
Like the leaves of the Autumn flock unto the  
banner,

The brave royal banner, which flies over Mar."

"We will sweep o'er the lowlands with flame and with  
terror

We will slay and we'll spoil every foe of our lord's.  
We will leave in our track desolation and horror,

And the eagles will follow the flash of our swords.  
Till we seat our true king in the throne of his sire.

And the land shall bow down and acknowledge his  
name.

Then Scotland shall rise from the dust in her ire,

And shake from her body her chains and her shame.

Come with the dirk and the axe of Locaber.

Come with the broadsword from eyrie and scaur.

Ho, come feudal foeman, come friend and come neigh-  
bor,

And swell up the gathering which graces green  
Mar'.

"Ye sons of the mountain arise from your slum-  
bers

And break off the gyves which the usurpers  
bring

Irrisistable come, in your strength and your  
numbers,

And strike for your country, your church and  
your king.

May his midnight be darkened by dreams and by  
vision

Who covers his sword and hangs back from the  
fray,

May his cowardice bring but contempt and derision.

May his lands and his home, and his name pass  
away!

Come from the marshes and uplands of heather.

Strike strong for your king in the on-coming  
war.

Bare-breasted and bold, stride ye onward to-  
gether

Beneath the broad standard which flies over  
Mar'."

REST  
(P.W. Winthrop)

Rest little mother, the sweetest and best,  
Rest little mother, the rest of the blessed,  
Rest little mother, this God-given rest.

Through many long years you've been put to the  
test,  
By your Maker's command, at your Maker's behest,  
And the reward, little mother, this God-given  
rest.

I do miss you my mother, my life's chiefest  
quest,  
Is to live just like you, the sweetest and best,  
And when my work's done, at my Saviour's request,  
To enter like you, this God-given rest.

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